JOHN BULL, APRIL 4, 1931
TWOPENCE.

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION SALE

Vol. XLIX.
No. 1294

Kill Grease!!

and you kill HARD WORK . .

What a big part grease plays in the day's work! Every meal you cook means grease. Pots and pans—the sink—the table—the gas stove—yes, and even the floors—all contribute their share.

Once this would have meant hours of the hardest work. Now it's all over in no time! A damp cloth—a sprinkle of Glitto—and the grease is gone. Use Glitto for everything in the kitchen and for everything in the scullery. Even then that's only part of its usefulness. Glitto cleans and polishes. It does not matter how tightly grease clings, it hasn't a chance against Glitto!

Glitto kills grease

Glitto is sold in packets and the convenient, economical 6d-sprinkler drums

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JOSEPH CROSFIELD & SONS LTD., WARRINGTON

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MORE MONEY. SELL Tablecloths, Towels, Silk Stockings, Overalls, Men's Socks, Ties, etc. A 1,000 Bargains. The Oldest, Largest, Cheapest and Best Wholesale Firm. Write now for Catalogue B., Cochrane, Sons & Co., 2, Thomas St., M'chester.

60-PAGE wholesale Drapery, Catlg.; also ABC Guide, direct from actual mfrs., free; read page 56 of "Seven Ways to Make a Living in Drapery." Examples of our prices: Men's Shirts 18/11 doz.; other bargains in stock.—Wolfson, 46, Thomas Street, Manchester.

CHEAPEST wholesale house for beginners for drapery, hosiery, boots, etc. Wire for free cat. —H. Marks, 65, Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your spare time; every kind; good profits. 200-page Catalogue free.—May (173), George St., Birmingham.

88-PAGE 1931 Wholesale Drapery Ctlgs., now ready. Post free. Finest in the Trade. Perfect, reliable and repeatable goods of quality and Value. Keenest prices. All depts. Ladies', Men's, Childs', Household. Best Discount Terms. Satis. gntd. Wholesale only to the Trade.—Myers & Co., 7, Trinity Street, Leeds.

DRAPERS.—Jumpers, Jumper Suits. No job goods. Latest Designs only. Wholesale list.—J. Tomlinson Bros., 373, High St., Stratford, London.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

EARN £7 to £8 weekly. Run Drapery Club amongst friends. No outlay. Partics. and cat. free.—Carlisle Mills, Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

WANTED BY JOHN NOBLE, LTD., ORGANISERS OF WEEKLY CLUBS.—The Ideal Club Leads for value! Big commission, little trouble, no expense. Marvellous bargains in Fashions, Footwear, Furniture, Bedding, Outfitting, etc. Over 50 years' reputation for value and service. SEND P.C. NOW for particulars and most wonderful Bargain Catalogue ever published.—John Noble, Ltd. (Dept. A.7), Manchester.

CLUB AGENTS wanted. — Liberal comm. Household Bargains. WRITE FOR FREE CATALOGUE.—The Nova Trading Co., Ltd., 74, Villa Street, Birmingham.

AGENTS.—Exceptional line Embossed Stationery (no dies required). Splendid repeat business. Samps. 6d. Shaw & Son, 17, Crescent, Birm'gham.

A RICH REWARD may be reaped by anyone prepared to give serious attention to very simple work, either spare of whole time.—No initial outlay. A genuine offer from an old-established firm. Write immediately to Manager, Agency Dept. (Ref. 51), 41, Pratt Street, London, N.W.1.

EMPLOYMENT.

MOTOR DRIVERS. — COMMERCIAL and PRIVATE positions. The finest PRACTICAL training to standard R.A.C. Certificate at the lowest inclusive fee. Day or evening. FREE employment Dept. CALL (9-7) or write, THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, LTD., 5, COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.1. (Corner Rupert St., next Lyons' Corner House.)

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

CHEAP Printing.—Billheads, Handbills, Cards, 2/6 1,000. Posters and other cheap Printing. Samps. free. Pearson's, Church Rd., Portsmouth.

PRINTING.—10,000 Handbills 2/9 per 1,000. Billheads 3/3 1,000. Samps. of printing for all businesses 3d. post.—Mead, Room 60, Sandy, Beds.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—West Riding Wallpaper Co., 82, Trinity Street, Leeds.

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES, 1½ lb. 5/-, for Socks, etc. White, Grey, Navy, 5/6. Colours 3/11½ lb., post free. Patts., Wools, Serges, Tweeds.—Egerton Burnetts, W.B. W'house, Wellington, Som.

WALLPAPERS, Non-Combine, from 2½d. roll. Book of 1931 designs free.—Eclipse Wallpaper Co. (late of Leeds), 21, Shields Rd., Newcastle-Tyne.

CARNIVAL, Dance, Party, Hats, Balloons, Novelties, Wigs. List (J) FREE.—Bocks British Carnival Novelties, Cross Street, London, N.1.

PIXIE Razor Blades.—Sheffield Made. Warranted good shavers, 1/- dozen. Agents wanted. —Dronfield Tool Company, nr. Sheffield.

CARNIVAL Goods, Balloons, etc., dance organs, etc. Big bargain list sent gratis and post free. —"Uneedus," 70/72, Arundel St., Portsmouth.

WOOL Sale.—Rug, 1/-; Cable, 1/6 lb.; knitting, 1d., 1½d. oz. Silky, 2½d. oz. Spls., Illus, Rug Guide free.—Scotia Wools, 186, New Bridge St., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

WALLPAPERS from mills from 2½d. roll. New Designs. Patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. S), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

A1 NOVELTIES for Dances, Hats, Balloons, Mickey Mouse Novs., Mus. Inst., etc.—List J.B. 1303 free.—Dudley's, 451, Holloway Rd., N.7.

SEE PEACH'S Modern Window Furnishing Catalogue. 500 Illustrations. Sun Nets, Curtains, Casements, Cretonnes, Muslins, Linens.—S. Peach & Sons, Ltd., 141, The Looms, Nottingham.

DANCE Novelties, advt. balloons, hats, fans, masks, jokes, etc. List free.—Novelty Supply Stores (Dept. 19), 228, Mile End Rd., Ldn., E.1.

WALLPAPERS.—Largest pattern book published, post free. Latest designs, lowest prices. —Blakey Morris (London), Ltd., Dept. J.B., 55 and 66, London Road, Elephant, S.E.1.

GREENHOUSES, everything complete, 7 ft. x 5 ft., 37/6; 9 ft. x 6 ft. 6 in., 50/-; 10 ft. x 8 ft., £5; 11 ft. 6 in. x 8 ft., £6 15s. Huts, etc. List free.—Cooper, 3, Southampton St., W.C.2.

ART. Silk Stockings. Superb quality. Regular price, 2/11½, now only 2/6, post free. Newest shades.—Tomsen's, Victoria Rd., Portsmouth.

RAZOR BLADES. Finest qual. Gillette Type, 1/- doz. New type and Valet type, 2/6 doz.—Davis & Son, 75, Upper Tollington Park, N.4.

"BLOUSE FRANCE." Semi-made in Crepe, Art. Silk, Linen, all shades and sizes, embroidered, from 10d. to 3/-. Write for Illustrated Price List.—11, Rue des Tournelles, Paris.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 6s. per line averaging six words, Minimum Charge 17s.
Advertisements must be received not later than Friday for the following Thursday's issue.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

PORTABLE STOOLS.—Handy for garden and cas., useful to campers. Weigh only 2 lb. Neatly fold for pocket. Strong metal frame. Seat (12 in. square) revolves and will support up to 16 stone. Only 6/- each, postage 9d. extra.—Armstrong & Co., 39-41, London Road, Crayford, Kent.

A COMPLETE range of 16 CYCLES appears in the 1931 FREE CATALOGUE offered by the HERCULES CYCLE CO., whose large advt. appears on this page. Mention *John Bull* when writing.

FILL in the coupon in the ELECTROLUX advt. on page 24 for a free booklet which explains all about this new Electric Sweeper, which can be obtained on easy payments.

READERS' attention is drawn to the LETRIK advt. on page 12.

DRESS.

BABY'S BETTER QUALITY LAYETTE, 30/-. Expectant Mothers! Don't buy Baby Clothes before seeing my bargain. Thousands of testimonials from *John Bull* readers. Silk and Wool Shawl, Robes, Day and Night Gowns, Bootees, Flannels, Vests, Woollies, Napkins, etc. Beautifully home-made. Best materials. Worth £5. Purchase from a Mother and actual maker. Send 2/- for parcel on appro. (Cash or terms.) —Mrs. J. Howard, 66, Dover Rd., Portsmouth.

REAL HARRIS and Shetland Homespuns direct from makers. Best quality only.—Patterns free. —Harris Tweed Depot, 1, James St., Stornoway.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES, Motors, Parts, Cat. Free. Cash or terms. Build £12 model for £2. Instructions 3d.—J. Burt, 185, High St., Deptford.

Buy a Hercules BRITISH CYCLE

and save that extra £1 or £2

BEING by far the largest Cycle Manufacturers in the World, we make enormous bulk purchases of raw materials at very low prices, and our gigantic output keeps the most up-to-date machinery fully employed. The tremendous savings in cost are passed on to the Public.

Read this wonderful SPECIFICATION

Full CHROMIUM Plating.
DUNLOP Roadster Tyres.
DUNLOP Waterproof Saddle.
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Prices from

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(Prices apply to England & Wales only.)

or on very generous easy terms.
full particulars of which you can obtain from your local dealer.

Every Hercules Cycle is fully guaranteed for 50 years.

Insist on Hercules—and save money!

Ask your dealer for the 1931 Catalogue showing the complete Hercules range of 16 Cycles, or write to:—

THE HERCULES CYCLE & MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED,
Britannia Works, Aston, Birmingham.

C.F.H. 203

DISPENSE WITH UGLY CLOTHES-LINES INDOORS and get the "Snip" Collapsible Mantel Clothes Airer. This handy and inexpensive device is illustrated in *John Bull's* "SHOP WINDOW" on page facing.

A SEMI-STIFF COLLAR which is smart and yet can be successfully laundered at home. An interesting announcement appears on page 3.

COVER YOUR FLOORS with Granoleum Squares. Smart designs, carpet-like effects at a fraction of the cost. They cost only 12/6, each and further details are given in *John Bull's* "SHOP WINDOW"—page facing.

PIANO-ACCORDIANS, Banjos, Concertinas, Gramos. Write terms and illus. cat.—Barretts (Pawnbrokers), Dept. D., 91, Camberwell Rd., S.E.5

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA.—Buy direct. Save middlemen's profit. Indian and Ceylon blended. Empire blend, 4 lb. 5/- 10 lb. 12/-. Standard blend, 4 lb. 6/-, 10 lb. 13/-. No. 1 dust, 7 lb. 5/-, 10 lb. 7/-. Special dust, 7 lb. 6/-, 10 lb. 8/-. All carriage paid.—Poulter & Co., Dane Place, Bow, E.3.

FREEMANS CASH OR CREDIT

CELEBRATED SPARE TIME AGENCY

BOOTS, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes and Underwear, Carpets, Linos, Drapery, Gramophones, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.

Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission Paid. *Illustrated Coloured Catalogues.*

NO OUTLAY. ALL PROFIT.
Enquiries for Agency Invited.

LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

TEA.—Delicious, Specially Blended. Highly Recommended. 10 lb. 11/-, 4 lb. 4/6, 4 lb. 3/6, 4 lb. 6/6, 4 lb. 8/-. Carr pd. Special Prices Large Quantities.—Portway Tea Co., 72, Portway, E.15.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and Permanent Cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly removing the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply, or 1½d. samp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS. Use Brooks Rupture Appliance, New discovery. Wonderful no lumpy pads, no springs; durable, cheap; Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd., 438T, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

CROUP. — Vapo-Cresolene allays irritation, quickly relieves spasmodic cough and difficulty in breathing.—Write for Free Booklet No. 49 to Allen & Hanburys, Ltd., London, E.C.2.

BLADDER Weakness, Kidney Troubles, etc., cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy. 1/3, all Boots', etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool. Send.

NASAL CATARRH. Sufferers from this distressing complaint are guaranteed immediate relief with the Medical specific Pyorrhosol, or purchase money returned in full. Send 3/- for a supply or write for full particulars. DO IT NOW and get comfort at last. Dept. 210, Pyorrhosol, 165/7, Waterloo Road, S.E.1.

FREE.—Mr. SHADFORTH offers his free book with every order sent for one of the remedies appearing in his advt. on page 31. Turn to this now. Several prescriptions which will save you a doctor's bill are published and offered at low prices. Send your order now and get your free copy of a book which every *John Bull* reader should possess.

FREE.—Two books of vital importance. "The Problems of Womanhood" and "Guide to Health" explain fully the youth-restoring and curative properties of "NONN." Simply fill in the coupon in the advt. which appears on the Back Cover. Be sure to address Nonn (Dept. J.B.7) Laboratories, Coldharbour Lane, London, S.E.5.

FILL in the coupon in the "PHYLLOSAN" advt. on page 26 for a free copy of the book entitled "The Most Wonderful Substance in our World."

A GENEROUS FREE SAMPLE of "ROBOLEINE" will be sent to readers filling in the coupon in the advt. on page 28.

SUFFERERS from all LEG TROUBLES are offered a free sample of "ELASTO" and a special free booklet in the advt. on page 29.

BLUSHING, NERVOUSNESS. — Don't waste money on quack remedies; cure yourself as I did. Interesting book on cure of Self-Consciousness sent privately for 3d.—Mr. Rivers (J.B 80), 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.

BALDNESS Cured.—Ateka grows hair. Guar. genuine. Stops falling hair. Cures dandruff. 5/-.—Ateka, 12, Bartholomew Close, E.C.1.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST prices paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. —Bentley & Co., 10, Woodstock St., London, W.1.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds, old false teeth, platinum scrap, bought. Highest cash by return.—Bell's, Upperhead Road, Leeds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DUKE'S JELLIED ALMONDS.
Crystallised or Bright.
Most delicious. All Sweet Shops.

50 P.C. PROFIT for you. Sell bedlinens, overalls, hosiery, etc. Wholesale cat. free. Write, Nicksons, Broadway Chambers, W.6.

"WHO'S WHO IN FILMLAND." There are only a few more copies left of "Who's Who in Filmland," the Debrett of the Screen. In it you can read about 1,740 Film Stars, Producers, players, and scenario writers. Price 1s. (stiff coloured cover), 2s. 6d.; post free 2s. 9d.—Picturegoer Salon, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.

FREE.—£50 first prize and other cash prizes are offered by the proprietors of "DIPLOMA" CHEESE for the best last line to the limerick appearing in the advt. on page 23. You may send in as many attempts as you like, but each must be accompanied by a label from a portion of "DIPLOMA" CHEESE or other commodities mentioned in the advt. Read the conditions carefully and send in your entry now. Note closing date is Friday, April 10, 1931.

SPECIAL OFFER.—Fill in the coupon in the "KISS-PROOF" advt. on page 25 for a Make-up Kit of "KISS-PROOF." Enclose 6d. stamp. The offer is limited, so send the coupon at once.

FREE.—10-day trial tube of GIBBS' SHAVING CREAM. Simply fill in the coupon in the advt. on page 29, enclosing 1½d. stamp to cover postage. Write now for this generous sample.

£300 FREE Contest—no entrance fee. Simply solve the ten names in the PLUS TWO advt. on page 16. Read the conditions carefully and fill in the coupon (2 attempts can be made).

THE "KING'S ENGLISH" DICTIONARY is offered on easy payments on page 34.

KILBURN SUPPLY STORES.
A CORRECTION.

The announcement of Free Bedding Sales which appeared on page 10 of *John Bull* dated March 21 contained a printing error which we desire to rectify. The Free Sale does not include a Quilt, but a cash reduction of 10/- is made in addition to the extra gift of 16 pieces of Cutlery or a 21-piece Tea-set. Full details will be sent to any reader applying to Kilburn Supply Stores (Dept. (S), 180, Cambridge Road, London, N.W.6.

WADDED EIDERDOWN QUILTS FREE

2 White Woolly Blankets 90 x 70
2 Good Strong Sheets 90 x 70
2 White Pillow Slips 30 x 18
1 White Bolster Case 58 x 18
1 Beautiful Bedspread 80 x 60
1 Coloured Turkish Towel.

ALL DOUBLE BED SIZE.
Made for Lasting Wear
Complete 20/- Carr. Free.
Cash or C.O.D.
Money back if not satisfied.
FREE GIFTS
A HANDSOME WADDED EIDERDOWN QUILT and a pair of Artificial Silk Stockings sent free with each Bale.
STANDARD SHEET CO.
Dept. E.A, 105, Princess Street, MANCHESTER.

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

JOHN BULL'S Shop Window brings a Bargain Store to Your Door. Study each offer carefully. Write your name and address clearly, send money and notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

You can send your money to these advertisers as safely as purchasing across a shop counter, for every article is sold under JOHN BULL'S famous guarantee of absolute Satisfaction or Money Back in full.

I Guarantee your Satisfaction

COMFORTABLE CHAIRS

Really comfortable and strongly made chairs constructed from best Beechwood — highly polished. In Mahogany, Walnut, Oak, etc. *Rexine* seats with best quality *steel* springs. Size of seat 15 in. by 15 in. Price 11/6 for quantities of seven or over.

Carriage paid England or Wales.
Write to us for particulars of other styles. Prices on application.
Write to—
GOODWOOD FURNITURE CO.,
145 Fleet St., E.C.4
11/6

MUST BE CLEARED
Startling Reductions
1,721 PORTABLE GREENHOUSES

£2 : 17 : 6
Complete

Size, lower part hot w glass being covered with good, sound ½ Planed Rebated and Moulded weatherboards. Fitted with strong door, necessary ventilators at sides and ends, with iron work. Stages each side and best 21 oz. glass throughout. Woodwork painted. LIST NO. 164. FREE.

Length.	Width.	Height.	To Eaves.	Usual Price.	Clearance Price.
ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
7 0	5 0	7 3	4 6	4 12 6	2 17 6
8 0	6 0	7 6	4 6	6 0 0	4 0 0
10 0	6 0	7 6	4 6	7 5 0	5 0 0
11 0	6 0	7 6	5 0	9 0 0	6 15 0
13 0	9 0	8 4	5 0	11 10 0	7 5 0

Carefully packed on rail or works.
T. BATH & CO., LTD., 8-7, Southampton St., London, W.C.2

Smarter, Cheaper, Cleaner than a Carpet.
THE NEW 3 BY 2 BORDERED GRANOLEUM SQUARE
LIES FLAT. DAMP-PROOF.

Artistic Carpet effects in blue, red, fawn, brown. Please state colour required. Packed free. Carriage paid.
12/6 CARR PAID
J. Grundy & Sons (H.O. Dept.), 116-118, Manchester Road, Ince, Wigan.

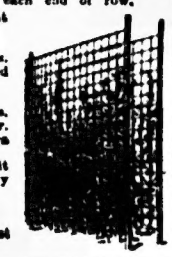
Here's A SNIP

2/11 POST FREE

Collapsible Clothes Airer. Slips on any Mantelpiece or shelf, no Screws, no clamps. Does not hide the fire. Folds compact when not in use. Three rails as illustrated. Length 42 in. State thickness of mantelpiece.

Prov. Patent No. 5723/31
Only 2/11, post free from F. W. FIELDHOUSE, 184-186, VICTOR STREET, GRIMSBY.

GROW SWEET PEAS, GARDEN PEAS & BEANS ON NETTING.
NEATER, CHEAPER & BETTER THAN STICKS.
All Netting Square Mesh. Use each side of peas as illustration. Fasten to stake each end of row.
Fine Hemp, 3-inch mesh, Light and strong:



3 ft. 4½ ft. 6 ft. 9 ft. high.
1/6 2/- 3/6 5/6 doz. yds.
Ex. Heavy Cotton. Tarred. Lined both sides. 6-inch mesh.
3 ft. 4½ ft. 6 ft. 9 ft. high.
3/6 4/6 6/- 9/- doz. yds.
Any length sent. Over 5 – Carr. Paid. Smaller orders 6d. extra for post. Cash with order.
Send for 12-page list of Fruit Netting, Tennis and Boundary Nets, etc.
WM. JAMES & CO.,
Net Makers (Dept. B), West Allington, BRIDPORT.

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This £18 RADIO, guaranteed 12 months, offered at £5 15s. 0d., to clear surplus of export stock. No aerial. No earth. Very powerful and selective. All British and Continental stations. Pioneer workmanship and materials. Only a limited number of these attractive bargains available.
£5.15.0
In finest quality rexine. 1931 Model. Brand New. Original cost, £18. Real Hide case, 15/- extra. Carriage paid to all parts. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write to-day or call Temple Bar 2176.
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600 ARTICLES. FREE TO ALL.
Carpets Footwear | Furniture Clothing | Bedding Jewellery

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NO TROUBLE
£3 Commission on a 20-week Club.

Start a City and Provincial Club NOW. 1/- weekly secures all these 600 Bargains. Big commissions. Best possible value.
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VACANCIES NOW FOR 1,000 NEW AGENTS.
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New 128-Page Catalogue of Amazing Bargains.
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P.C. BRINGS PATTERN BOOK POST FREE, ALSO POST FREE 72 Coloured Illustrations Lovely Cretonnes.
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From 3D. Yard CRETONNES and FADELESS CASEMENT with a GUARANTEE 4¾D.
Actual Samples of plain Hemstitched. Inserted. Guaranteed Fadeless Cretonnes, Reps, Nets, Poplins, Satins, Stripes, Artificial Silks, Multi Stripes, etc.
CASEMENT MANUFACTURING CO.
(Dept. J.B.20), THE LOOMS, MANCHESTER.

ECONOMY COMFORT
6 for 3/3 Postage 3D Extra

Fashionably dressed men are wearing this SEMI-STIFF COLLAR
Smart, yet extremely comfortable, the Climax Wonder Collar is for wear on all occasions. Easily washed at home, won't shrink, won't crease or make holes in shirt. Outlasts 6 stiff collars and keeps better colour. All sizes, 13½ in. to 16½ in. Send for sample half-dozen NOW! *Don't forget to state size and please write plainly.*
S. HAIM,
254, London Rd., Croydon.

NEW HAIR NEXT WEEK
The Famous "WAVEX" ELECTRIC COMB

NOW 6D
LET GLORIOUS WAVY HAIR BE YOURS.
BATTERY 3d EXTRA
A "Wavex" Electric Comb brings hair beauty and banishes all hair trouble—conquers baldness, stops falling hair, restores colour. It costs 6d. (battery 3d. extra) and saves expensive hairdresser's charges. "Wavex" Comb will be sent, complete under plain sealed cover, for 1/- post free from:—
WAVEX, 9, Duke Street, London, W.C.2

FROM 6/5 Per Month DELIVERED ON FIRST PAYMENT
THAT SHED You Need
For storing Tools, Cycles, Prams, Household Goods, etc. Prompt despatch. Carriage Paid to your station in 6 strong, easily erected sections, 5/8-in. planed, moulded, rebated weatherboards. Roofing Felt supplied. Floors extra.

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash	or 6 Payments of	or 12
6ft. x	4ft. x	6½ft.	£8 9 6	12/2	6/5
7ft. x	6ft. x	6½ft.	£4 18 6	17/2	9/-
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BIG CATALOGUE OF PORTABLE BUILDINGS FREE.
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NERVOUSNESS
There is no greater obstacle to social and business success than a nervous and shy disposition. Nervousness deprives you of the ability to develop your talents and make headway in the battle of life. If you are a victim of this distressing disorder; if you are nervous and shy; if you blush and stammer when spoken to; if you feel awkward and embarrassed in company, here is a real chance to conquer your weakness instead of letting it conquer you. A remarkably interesting booklet explaining how you can cure yourself privately at home, as I did, will be sent in a plain sealed envelope to all sufferers sending 3d. Write at once in confidence to:—
HENRY J. RIVERS (Dept. J.B.79),
40, LAMBS CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.C.1.

8/6 TYRES FOR 3/11
"Exo" UNPUNCTURABLE Cycle Tyres are now made by the new Electro-Hydraulic Process. Gives 50 per cent. more mileage. Fitted with Puncture Proof Shield as shown. No more roadside delays or messy patching. A really perfect Puncture-proof Tyre.
GUARANTEED 2 YEARS.
Thousands been sold at 8/6. For a trial, we offer 2,000 only at 3/11. Post 6d. TWO for 8/8 post paid. Not more than two sold.
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Send for FREE catalogue of Cycles, Accessories and Novelties. 5/- in £ saving.
Prices will amaze you.

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This splendid offer is made to popularise our service to Amateur Photographers.
We supply exquisite Glazed Post Card Prints at price of ordinary small paper prints.
Order NOW, enclosing 1½d. stamp for return postage. Write your name and address in CAPITALS and address carefully to WILLIAMS' PIONEER STUDIOS, Ltd., Dept. J.B., 118, Kingsland High Street, London, E.8.

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This highly efficient non-electric suction sweeper—yours for £3.10
The high speed revolving brush of the British Made GOBLIN non-electric suction sweeper will refresh and revive the nap of your carpets, the whole suction power created by gliding the sweeper over the carpet picks up all the surface litter and extracts deeply embedded dirt. On extended payments 7/6 deposit and 10/- per month for seven months. Send for illustrated leaflet.
GOBLIN
Non-Electric SUCTION SWEEPER
British Vacuum Cleaner & Engineering Co., Ltd., Dept. J.B.6, London, S.W.8

How to Stop Smoking

Many men spend 10/- or more a week on tobacco and cigarettes; how much could you save if you gave up smoking? You will save not only the money you are now wasting but your nerves and general health, giving you sounder sleep, a better appetite and altogether a brighter outlook on life. Thousands have mastered the heavy smoking habit quickly, permanently, by help of the Stanley Treatment for Tobacco Habit. The Editor of "Health and Efficiency" says:—"It is a pleasure to recommend such a method which brings freedom from the tyranny of tobacco." Think what it would mean to YOU in health and pocket to be done with Tobacco, and write to-day for booklet and particulars of this genuine treatment.—The Stanley Institute (Dept. B.A.), 31, Warwick Lane, London, E.C.4.

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The "MIRACLE VICTORY" is marvellous. Simple to operate, yet gives enormous range of stations at full strength, with superb tone. Handsome cabinet, with artistic panel in oxidised silver colour, and magnificent Cabinet Cone Speaker. SOLD AT FACTORY PRICES, complete with Cossor Valves, etc., ready to switch on, from £6/6 down.
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Please send me FREE ART PLATES of "Miracle" Sets.
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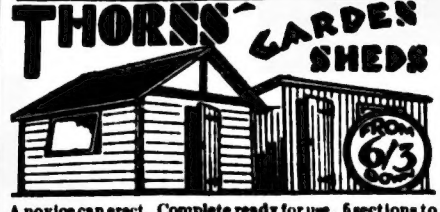
Write in CAPITAL Letters, using a pencil.
The MIRACLE VICTORY
FROM 5/6 DOWN

THORN'S GARDEN SHEDS



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8 REASONS WHY CRAVEN "A"

CORK-TIPPED CIGARETTES do not affect the throat

WE state without any qualification whatever that Craven "A" Cork-Tipped Cigarettes do not affect the throat. It is no idle claim. It can be proven as it is proven daily by hundreds of thousands of your countrymen and women. Read these 8 points, which explain why and you will better understand the fact that Carreras tell the truth in their advertising.

We challenge you to find all these facts about any other Cigarette made.

TOBACCO

Proportionate blending of 100 per cent. pure matured Virginia tobaccos —A MILD Virginia for DELICACY; FULL STRENGTH Virginia for BODY; VERY RICH Virginia for FLAVOUR; And ANOTHER solely for its BOUQUET. In the blending of these tobaccos Carreras' EXPERIENCE and FORMULAS are unique.

SAND

Craven "A" have the only complete dust-extracting plant of its kind in Great Britain. It is a process exclusive to them. Tobacco grows in sandy soil, and the fine particles of sand adhere to the leaves. We get rid of this sand when making Craven "A" because this sand would get hot and would come into the mouth, thus causing mouth and throat irritation.

PAPER

The tobacco is wrapped in the very highest quality British paper, certified by an eminent analyst to be made from pure materials free from harmful ingredients or injurious acidity.

CORK

The Craven "A" Cork Tip is velvet smooth and is made of PURE NATURAL Cork, Hygienic and Waterproof. It is fixed by an exclusive Carreras Special Process—it binds the end of the cigarette firmly and prevents the loose strands of tobacco from entering the mouth and throat. Craven "A" Cork Tip does not stick to the lips.

COOL

Our Cork Tip, by being waterproof, absolutely prevents the tobacco from becoming damp and generating heat. Craven "A" smokes cool from the first puff to the last. It does not allow moisture to set up chemical action in the tobacco and so affecting the saliva with harmful results.

JUICES

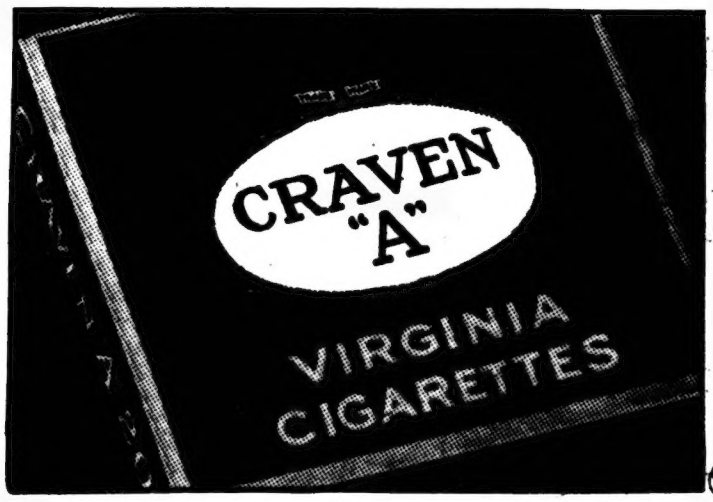
The Craven "A" Cork Tip prevents the moisture from the mouth from dampening the tobacco, so that no tobacco juices enter the mouth or throat. Speakers and singers smoke Craven "A" for this reason alone.

STAIN

The Craven "A" Cork Tip does not allow tobacco stain to come through to the fingers or the lips, an obvious advantage to every smoker.

THROAT

All these points explain the reason why the perfect Craven "A" cork-tipped cigarette does not injure your throat. You can smoke as many as you like without any harmful effects whatever.



Change over to-day to CRAVEN "A" and prove these facts for yourself.

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For the People— —the Right to Justice and Truth

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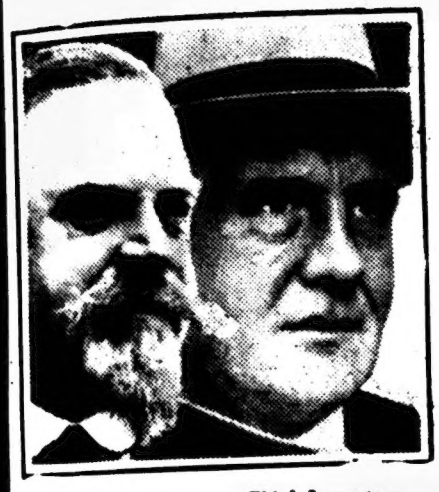


To leave the Force: Chief Inspectors Berrett (left) and Collins

Big National Police Reforms

Famous Detectives to Retire

THE Home Secretary's sanction will be given in the next few days to a drastic programme of detective police reform.

The number of Chief Inspectors at Scotland Yard is to be increased from five to eight, and those newly appointed will be placed in charge of leading London divisions, which are to be entirely reorganised.

* * *

Twenty new detective inspectors are to be created, fifty fully-ranked sergeants are to be promoted, and fifty junior sergeants are to be posted mainly to country divisions where weakness in detective branches has led to an increase in undetected crime.

The much-abused practice of permitting a man, skilled or otherwise, to remain in the service to advanced age is no longer to be tolerated.

All police officers will in future have to go at sixty, and a definite limit of thirty years' service will be stipulated in attestation-papers.

All-Britain C.I.D.

Chief Inspector Berrett, who has over forty years' service, and Chief Inspectors Collins and Fair are all expected to retire from Scotland Yard during the next few months, while at least a dozen famous detectives will retire before the end of the year.

* * *

One of the reforms which we most welcome is the maintenance of a night C.I.D., to ensure that skilled officers will immediately be ready to tackle murder and other grave crimes.

Experts declare that this scheme will soon reduce undetected crime by 50 per cent.

The reform has a national aspect.

Very soon a conference will be held by the Home Office of all the leading provincial police chiefs to ensure better co-operation in all the C.I.D. Services of Britain.

More of this

The spread of electricity under the Central Electricity Board is creating an increasing demand for wooden poles to carry the current over hill and dale to farms and villages.

Up to now the timber for this purpose has had to be imported, since British larch could not stand up to the job.

This difficulty has, however, been overcome by the Forest Products Research Laboratory, which works under the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research.

It has found a way of creosoting British larch so that it is actually stronger by 25 or 30 per cent., than the imported timber.

A striking example of the success of State-aided scientific research.

As you were

The hopes of the Protectionists who anticipate an all-round revenue tax on imports with the Budget will be dashed.

Mr. Snowden will rigidly adhere to Free Trade doctrines.

Yet he cannot afford to forfeit the revenue, amounting to several millions, which is derived from protective duties on motor-cars, silk, clocks and watches, kinema films, and musical instruments.

These duties will be renewed. And the penny post will not return this year. It would take a big slice out of the Post Office £9,000,000 surplus profit, and the Chancellor needs every penny.

Roll on, snowball

The surest method of manufacturing depression is to pass the message of glumness from mouth to mouth.

Turnover, profits and production are as high as ever in this country, but it has become a mechanical habit among business men and traders to aver that times have never been worse.

Two hundred commercial travellers met in Glasgow the other night and resolved themselves into a prosperity snowball.

Each of them undertook to find every day a recruit to their brightness crusade who will tell the truth about trade when asked and who will in turn also find a daily convert.

May this snowball roll fast and far.

Repentant

Some of the rebels who threw in their lot with Sir Oswald Mosley's new Party are beginning to feel that they jumped too soon.

It is freely hinted that a section will endeavour to be taken back into the Labour fold before next election.

Had Sir Oswald Mosley himself remained loyal to Mr. MacDonald he would almost certainly have been Lord Privy Seal, the post now held by Mr. Thomas Johnston.

Pin-pricks

In some parts of the country the police seem to have concentrated on obtaining convictions of motorists detected in petty and usually innocent infringements of the new Road Traffic Act.

Yet the instructions of the Home Office to Chief Constables was that motorists were to be helped, not hunted and harried.

Local development committees look askance at this kind of persecution, and they foresee a loss of revenue from tourists.

Here's a stupid instance: At Edinburgh a kindly motorist was fined for towing in a crocked car which was stranded in a country road.

His offence was that his insurance policy did not cover a trailer—and the broken-down car was held to be a trailer!

Pre-war bread prices

Next month the Federal Farm Board in America will withdraw its support of wheat. After having spent £100,000,000 it has 200,000,000 bushels on hand, and has failed to improve prices.

* * *

The gradual release of these stocks is bound to keep down prices, and bread should become cheaper.

In view of the enormous stores of wheat in the world, it is not unreasonable to anticipate a 2½d. or 3d. loaf, as before the war.

Atlantic battle

Five days to Quebec, six to Chicago, seven to Winnipeg, eight to Calgary, and nine to Vancouver or San Francisco, including the journey from London, will be made possible by the new 46,000-ton liner *Empress of Britain* when she leaves Southampton at the end of May.

* * *

This challenge to the trans-Atlantic services will be supported by faster air and railway services.

The new quay at Quebec will be ready for the liner when she arrives on June 2. It has been specially built to accommodate the new vessel.

Action upsets talk

Germany has brought the League of Nations to a stiff hurdle.

For years the big noises in Geneva have been railing against tariff walls and advocating regional pacts to abolish them.

"... has grown purple"

Monsieur Briand, particularly, has grown purple with righteous indignation at the wicked foreigners who made big tariffs and forced France to do likewise.

And now Germany and Austria have not only concluded a regional pact, but they invite everybody to come in with them, too.

Commercially, Austro - Germany, with its 100 million potential workers, would be too formidable, so it can't be allowed!

But Germany is likely to have her way, despite M. Briand.

"R 101"—another injustice

We have already protested against hardships in the awards and pensions to dependants of *R101* victims. There is another grave injustice.

Mrs. Marie L. Allardyce lost her only son by her first marriage, Eric Anderson Graham, who died in the airship disaster.

Because Mrs. Allardyce, who is an invalid, was not entirely dependent upon him, the Ministry has refused even a small pension.

Her claim, it is ruled, does not come "within the meaning of the Workmen's Compensation Act."

This is a clear case for an *ex gratia* award.

Landed

A long-standing evil will be removed by Mr. Arthur Greenwood's Town and Country Planning Bill.

Where a town-planning scheme increases the value of an owner's land or property, the local authority will be able to claim from him the whole of the added value for themselves.

Hitherto a great deal of this increment, paid for by the ratepayers' and taxpayers' money, has gone straight to the landowner's pocket and stayed there.

Policeman's packet

A demand is being made in municipal circles for the Home Office to take action on a recommendation made in 1924 to reduce the wages of new entrants to the police force in England and Scotland.

The report, which had the approval of the local authorities, was promptly pigeon-holed, and rightly, too.

Now several important cities are calling to have the report produced with a view to a cut in wages.

We hope the Home Office will preserve its attitude of stony indifference. The police are not overpaid.

Widows wait

The Ministry of Health is in a quandary. It is unable to interpret one of the conditions of the Contributory Pensions Act, 1929.

As a result, it has been compelled to seek the assistance of the High Court, which gave a detailed ruling on December 17 last.

But, apparently, the Ministry cannot make up its mind what the ruling means. Claims, it says, are being "kept under notice" and decisions will be notified as soon as it can be determined whether or not applicants are entitled to pension.

Many poor widows have been waiting over nine months for their claims to be decided. We look to Mr. Greenwood to put an end to this farce without further delay.

Doleful dumps

Mr. C. G. Ammon, Financial Secretary to the Admiralty, has been explaining why the Navy has ceased buying Russian timber.

"At the reduced price of Canadian timber now ruling, it is more economical to purchase deal from Canada," he says.

But what becomes of those Russian "dumping" stories now?

IF YOU SEE IT—(Continued)

A lion rampant

The Annual Pleasure Fair which has just visited Grantham should cut out of its programme the event which exploits a wretched lion.

In the "Death Riders" a number of motor vehicles race round a wall and a car appears with the lion clinging to it from a staging beside the bonnet.

The unfortunate beast is whirled round the cup-like course at about sixty miles an hour.

As in the case of hunting the fox, it may be argued that the lion "enjoys it."

We have our doubts, and suggest that a visit by an inspector of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is called for.

A double bag!

The past week has added two important crooks to our bag.

The first is the genius behind the spectacular Hatton Garden ramp, exclusively exposed in these columns, in which a large haul of diamonds and other valuable articles of jewellery was obtained in the names of certain Indian princes then visiting London.

His name is Henry Nicholson, and he has gone to penal servitude for three years.

The second is George Jennings, a resourceful swindler with many aliases, whom we have exposed more than once. He, too, is now in safe custody for three years.

A slate loose

An injustice for which the Government continues to be responsible is the plight of 5,000 Welsh slate-quarry workers.

Last year we imported 40,000 tons of foreign slate, valued at slightly over £250,000, the bulk of which has been used in municipal housing schemes.

According to building authorities, this slate is unlikely to outlast the subsidy period of the houses.

Yet slate which could have been quarried by these Welsh unemployed is generally reckoned to outlast the life of the house it roofs.

This is bad economy.

Healing withheld

Staffordshire Public Assistance Committee requires all applicants for medical or surgical treatment to sign a form agreeing that the treatment is a loan to be repaid.

It has been found that insistence on this form deters poor people from seeking medical aid, even when they need it urgently.

Such action is unworthy of any service associated with medicine, and as a public Department the Staffordshire Committee cannot plead poverty—unless it be poverty of humane sentiment.

Gallant girls

The honour earned by Nurse Barclay, of Leith Hospital, for her services in lonely St. Kilda, has greatly pleased everyone.

How well she deserved it is attested by the fact that for two years she was the distressed islanders' Florence Nightingale, and was among the last to leave for the mainland.

But there are many more brave nurses in the remote, cruel wilds of the outlying Hebrides, Orkneys and Shetlands, who equally deserve to be decorated.

We salute them all.

In the open

The demand by JOHN BULL for publication of the report of the secret Committee of Enquiry into changes affecting officials of the Glasgow Valuation Department has been successful.

The members of the Finance Committee have ordered that the evidence taken *in camera* shall be printed and circulated to town councillors.

There must be no more of this secrecy.

Chain-gang

The sight of five manacled youths in charge of a warder, travelling by ordinary passenger train from Durham to York Assizes, recently moved Mr. Will Lawther, M.P., to protest to the Home Secretary.

As a result, arrangements have now been made with the authorities involved for the private conveyance of future prisoners by road.

We congratulate Mr. Lawther on his humanity. To expose prisoners awaiting trial to the stares and comments of a curious public is both unnecessary and barbaric.

We take some credit for the reform. Our articles from time to time on the plight of prisoners aroused much public indignation.

Houpla in the air

A step forward in the progress of aviation in this country has been made by Captain C. D. Barnard, the airman, with the inauguration at Luton of the "world's first air circus."

Capt. Barnard, first air showman

The circus is travelling from town to town by air, and at each stopping-place an opportunity is being afforded to a local boy to win an air scholarship, which might conceivably set him upon the road to becoming one of the country's famous airmen.

Despite all this talk of economic depression this is another healthy sign.

Ghouls

His hands fastened behind his back with a dog-collar, a stick through his arms, a dog-chain twice about his limbs, the nine-year-old son of A. E. Shipman, of Ferry Road, Scunthorpe, was imprisoned in a shed for ten long hours.

All he had to eat was dry bread. On one occasion he was left for a week.

Both his parents were sent to jail for six months—the utmost that the law allows.

The whole question of sterilisation is difficult, but such soulless creatures as these two should never be allowed to have more children.

Seagreen

Our contemporary, *The Seaman*, bitterly asserts that we have been misinformed regarding the conditions at the Belgian labour camp at Merxplas, which we recently described as a "hell-hole."

Two of *The Seaman's* representatives, it seems, have been specially conducted round the camp by Belgian authorities and have found everything in excellent order.

Really! Did *The Seaman* expect to find anything else on a "specially conducted" inspection? And does it suppose that our comments were based on isolated complaints?

If so, then it must be as green as the paper on which it is printed.

Baby market

There is, at last, every hope that the traffic in unwanted children, which has for long been the greatest scandal in the North of Ireland, will be wiped out of existence.

A measure acceptable to all Parliamentary Parties has been tabled and should have a quick passage.

JOHN BULL has made the most emphatic protests against the cruel barter of little ones.

A paltry trick

A letter from a Litherland reader supports emphatically our article of last week on "Cruel Ramps on the Unemployed."

He cites the experience of his daughter who was engaged on low rates as a "learner" by a clothing firm on the understanding that a permanent post would be available after a month's trial.

When she had toiled hard for three weeks she was paid off, in company with a number of other "probationers." But the scandal is that this firm is still advertising for "learners."

A barbed hook

The bait of "fortunes in a few hours" is once again being held forth in circulars, pushed through suburban letter-boxes.

All one has to do is to buy certain shares at so much deposit per share and get back the "deposit on the successful close of the deal, together with the profit."

Simple, isn't it?

"A big rise is now due," runs the circular, and the "profits are unlimited."

The philanthropists who explain how easy it is to make "fortunes" are, apparently, not very anxious for "big money" themselves. They are content with a "small interest charge."

No matter how small this charge, it is likely to be much more profitable than anything these share-pushers recommend. Leave them alone.

Forward—Detective Eve

A Newcastle reader complains that women and girls in many Northern towns walk in fear after nightfall because of the frequency of molestation and bag-snatching.

Newcastle's Chief Constable is vigilant

This same increased activity on the part of prowling pests is apparent all over the country at the moment, and even the immediate London suburbs are by no means free from them.

That footpads should thus flourish in the twentieth century is monstrous. Here is a field in which plain-clothes women might be usefully employed.

Heartless touting

A Liverpool correspondent draws attention to the obnoxious form of touting practised by an undertaking firm at one of the big hospitals.

The touts glean immediate notification when a death occurs. In one case before us the unhappy family's first intimation of their bereavement was a visit from a tout soliciting the "business."

This shameful form of "enterprise" is not confined to one city, and is frowned on by all reputable firms, who would welcome action by local authorities to end such heartless touting.

House that Jill built

Eve has tried and failed to enter one of the last strongholds of the male in the business world.

Building societies continue to be hostile to women holding the highest positions in these concerns, although women are the home-makers.

* * *

The Rock Permanent Building Society has emphatically turned down an informal proposal that women should be eligible for seats on its board.

Yet women form a very large percentage of subscribers.

Must he go back?

Mr. W. Gabb, of Bargoed, Glamorganshire, is a miner who has been ordered by his doctor to give up working underground.

He has signed on at the employment exchange for surface work, but nobody wants to employ him in that capacity.

What is he to do? He has a wife and six children dependent upon him. Must he ignore his doctor's advice and go back to slow but certain death in the bowels of the earth?

A changeless change

A complaint is before us regarding the unbusiness methods of C. Whitaker, of the Nook, Stondon Massey, Brentwood.

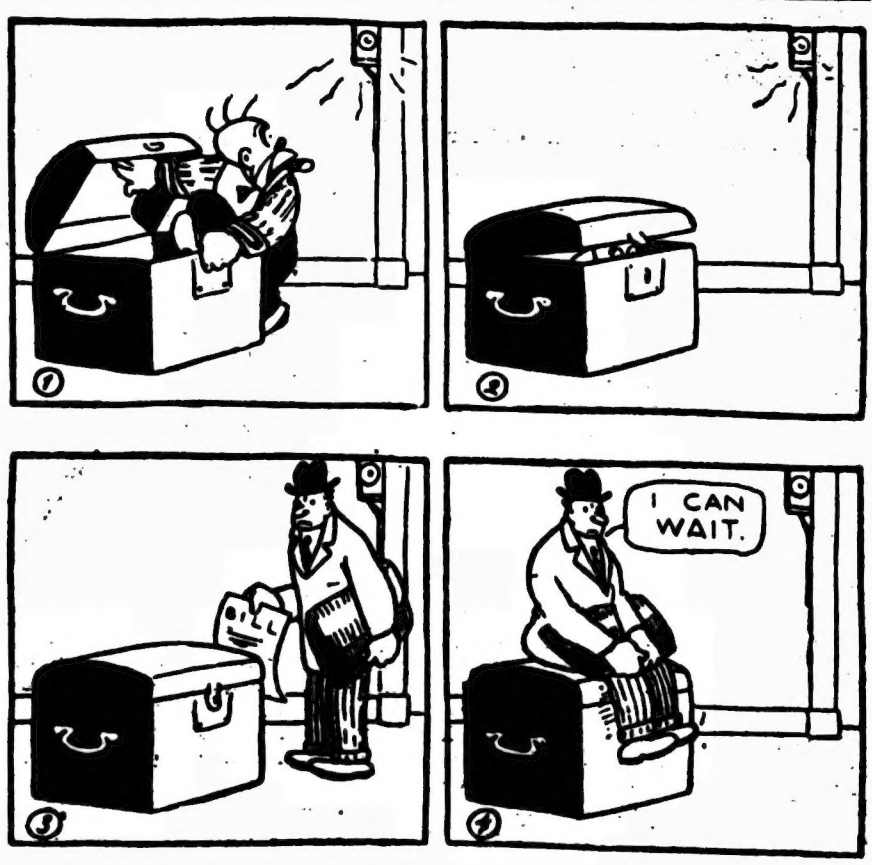
Whitaker advertises white leghorn pullets for sale, gets the money, and then, after unwarrantable delays, forwards old hens of doubtful age and breed.

* * *

He is no stranger to us; but when he last came under our notice he was dealing in pigs from Twites, Blackmore, Essex.

So, though he has changed his wares and his address, his methods are seemingly as unsatisfactory as ever.

ADAMSON— —April-Fooled



by GILBERT FRANKAU—The Distinguished Novelist

Miserable ON £10,000 A YEAR

BELIEVE one who has done it, a man can earn ten thousand a year and yet not acquire happiness. This does not mean to say that there is no happiness in money. There is. But a man's money-standard is of necessity comparative. And equally of necessity, the more one has or earns the more one spends. The very earning of a large income entails extravagant spending.

By this I do not mean only the spending of money in entertaining those out of whom one makes it. A man earning a large income by his brain must have his physical comforts.

He needs servants to look after him. He needs luxurious transport—nowadays a car and a chauffeur. He needs occasional relaxation. He needs holidays. He needs to take the greatest care of himself. And, above all, he needs every moment of his time.

It is this relation of time spent to work done which almost forces the man earning a large income into extravagance. He is nearly always in a hurry, and that is never cheap.

Moreover, unless a man be possessed of almost superhuman determination, the mere fact of earning a large income encourages him to spend it.

When you are earning £200 a week, a £10 note seems like a shilling. And if it be known that you are earning such an income, all your friends and acquaintances expect liberality from you. In fact, if they don't get liberality they call you mean.

Your less fortunate acquaintances, friends and relatives, are apt to regard you as their milch-cow, a facile provider of loans which are never repaid, on every conceivable occasion.

FURTHER, a man's responsibilities grow with his income. If he is a decent man he does not like to know that others are lacking when he has all he needs. Every deserving case, therefore, and usually a great many undeserving ones, nibble at the counterfoils in his cheque-book.

And, usually, he forgets when paying in the cheques he earns that the income-tax will in a year's time demand its 6s. 8d. out of every pound.

And even if he remembers that the State demands £3,300 a year from everybody who earns £10,000, he forgets in six cases out of ten that the brain which earns him his income to-day will not go on earning it for ever, because a man's brain deteriorates in exactly the same way that a machine deteriorates. Only a man's brain cannot be repaired or replaced in the same way as machinery.

"A great deal of nonsense is talked about the joys of work"

SO far we have only considered the expenditure of money entailed by the earning of a large income. A very sensible man—but how few of us are very sensible!—can, I admit, avoid the above pitfalls.

But because honest money is never earned easily, not even the most sensible brain-worker can avoid the over-expenditure of energy and time.

No man, I maintain, can earn £10,000 a year honestly without what is vulgarly known as "sweating his guts out." And although I am willing to grant that there is a certain pleasure in work, there is no pleasure and no happiness in overwork.

I have never yet met a man, either in my own profession of letters or in any other profession or in any business, who earns a really large income honestly without having to overwork for it.

In other words, success at money-making, in the same way as success at anything else in life, entails its sacrifices. And how often, when one stops to consider them, are those sacrifices worth while?

But, of course, a man flushed with professional success does not stop to consider anything. Caught up by his job, he thinks of nothing but his job.

After a little while he becomes like a squirrel in a cage, and although the cage may be golden, he still goes round and round in it, forgetful that there is anything outside.

TILL eventually, with the cage whirling faster and faster, he altogether loses sight of the things outside, of the little everyday joys and pleasures which make up the life of the everyday man.

I am perfectly well aware that many of the above statements may appear fantastic to those of my readers who have barely a sufficiency of pocket-money.

Yet the fact remains that the earning of a large income does entail the sacrifice of a man's leisure, and that most of the average man's happiness comes to him during his hours of leisure and not during his hours of work.

There is a great deal of nonsense talked, especially by successful business men, about the joys of work. A certain amount of work is a necessity for everybody; but there is a limit to this joy. And once a man overpasses that limit the end of his happiness is in sight.

Real happiness, surely, lies in living life to its fullest extent. And how can any man, or any woman either, live life to its fullest extent if he or she has no time to dream?

One can be too much of a dreamer, of course, just as one can be too much the man or woman of action. But some time for dreaming, for the little exquisite pleasures of thought and human companionship, we all must have. And when we miss that we miss the most worthwhile thing in life.

Indeed, the more one stops to consider this the more is one overwhelmed by the certainty that the middle way of life rather than the upper is the happiest; that a man can sacrifice too heavily to the god of ambition, the god of money, and the god of success.

The ambitious man, the successful man, the man whose whole mind is concentrated on money-making, may get a certain kick out of life. But the kick he gets is only temporary.

AMBITION feeds on itself. Every little success demands a bigger success. Once a man starts earning ten thousand a year, his itch will be to earn fifteen thosand.

But real happiness, I repeat, is not to be found in bank-books. Rather is it to be found in a man's heart.

I know many rich men and many successful men. And once I used to envy them. But now I know from my own experience that even when they are happy—and they are so rarely happy—their happiness comes neither from their riches nor from their success.

Their happiness, as everybody's happiness, comes from the more delicate, the more tender things in life: from the woman they love, from their children, from reading a book or seeing a play, from the beauty of a sunset or a flower, from their religion, from those occasional moments of quiet contemplation during which they escape from their golden cage.

"There are so many radiant moments . . . unregarded"

LET those of my readers, therefore, who, as I did once, envy the rich and the successful, pause and consider their own lives before they let envy and ambition take too much hold of them.

Let them think of the quiet evenings by their own fireside talking simply of simple things with those they love. Let them think of their sports and their games.

Let them think of some springtime Saturday afternoon when, with the office forgotten, they can wander out, maybe hand-in-hand with the girl they love, down some sunlit country lane.

Let them think of the pleasure they get from some good book or some jolly entertainment. Let them think of the tunes they enjoy or the pictures which stir their imagination.

There are so many little pleasures in life. There are so many radiant moments which, strung together like beads, make up the brilliant necklace of human happiness.

But by most successful men those moments go unregarded; their lives are lived in a whirl.

Their brains are always at high tension, till eventually the time comes when their brains can no longer relax, when they are no longer men, but machines, when even in their homes they are eternally thinking of their businesses, when life is no longer many-sided but one-sided, when their only real god is self.

"Life must also be seeing, feeling, sympathising . . ."

READING over what I have written, it seems to me a little dangerous. Perhaps, by writing as I have done, I am encouraging idleness. Yet idleness, like work, is necessary for most of us.

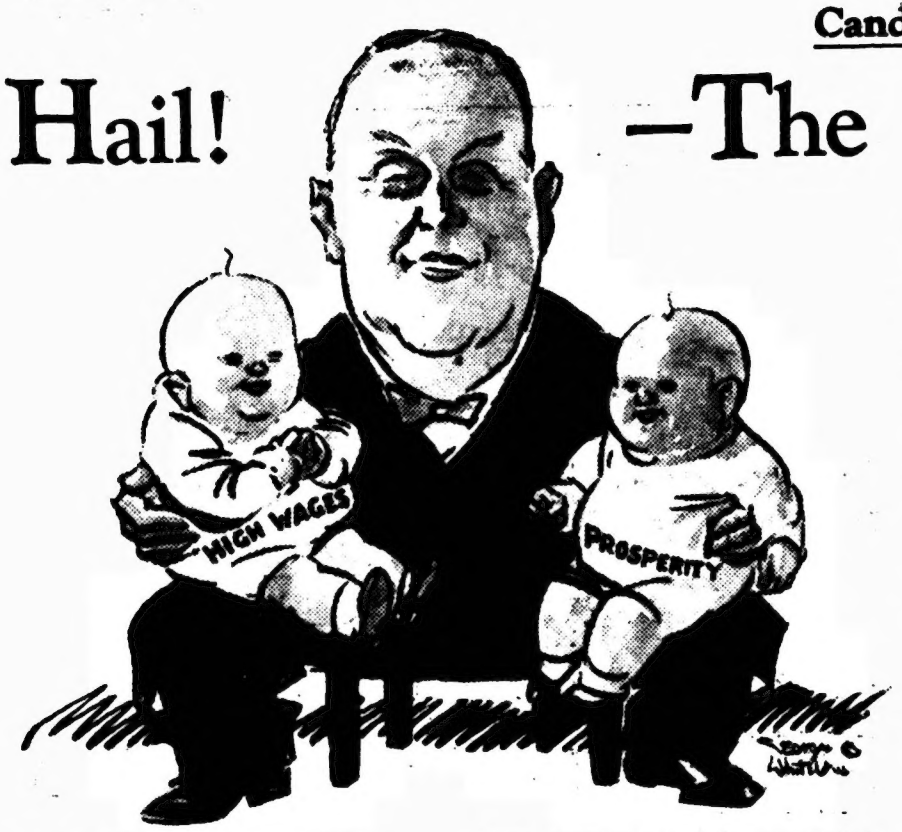
For the bulk of us happiness lies in moderation. We have to learn what little we can do, and do that little as well as we can both for ourselves and for others.

But life cannot be all doing. It must be also seeing, feeling, sympathising and understanding. Only thus can we bring happiness to others. Nor can we ever bring real happiness to others by giving them just money.

To make other people really happy we must be really happy ourselves. And this we can only be if we are moderate in all things—even in our desire for success.

Candid Communications

Hail! —The Prosperity Twins



Mr. ARTHUR HAYDAY, M.P.,
Chairman, Trades Union Congress

DEAR SIR,—I am entirely with you that wage-cuts would increase the present trade slump, and I hope all shivering, inferiority-complex employers will see the essential wisdom of the contention.

As the father of a great family of your own, you realise that a decent wage saves the nation untold expense in the health budget. Good food, clothing and housing breeds people fit to fight for a livelihood.

And if the purchasing-power of the public swings lower it will mean more unemployment.

There is no guarantee, as you observe, that a fall in British selling prices will not be followed by a similar reduction in foreign competitors' prices, leaving the relative position no better than it was before.

Hail to the Prosperity Twins—High Wages and Efficiency! JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. R. B. BENNETT,
Prime Minister of Canada

DEAR PREMIER,—JOHN BULL'S recent exposure of the bitter wrong done to an ex-Serviceman under the Canadian immigration laws has, I note with pleasure, helped to modify your Government's "closed door" policy towards some unfortunate Britons.

I am glad to see that you have at last been persuaded to relax certain regulations.

The policy hitherto pursued is not at all a good advertisement for that Imperial ideal of which you talked so much in London last year.

The removal of such pinpricks will undoubtedly improve the atmosphere at the Imperial Conference to be resumed at Ottawa this summer.

JOHN BULL.

Major BRUNEL COHEN, J.P., M.P.,
15, Devonshire Street, London, W.

DEAR SIR,—As a J.P. at Liverpool Police Court, you fined a number of women hawkers for obstructing the street whilst selling their wares.

After the court was over you, as Major Brunel Cohen, *M.P.*, paid all the fines yourself.

You were a splendid man in war time and have altered not one whit in peace days. Your hand, sir!

JOHN BULL.

Admiral LORD WESTER WEMYSS,
Naval and Military Club, London, W.

DEAR ADMIRAL,—So you consider the reduction in Naval programmes creates a situation "fraught with grave risks for our future security."

When the world is trying to avoid a disastrous race for armaments and proportionate strengths have been agreed upon it would be better to leave such things unsaid.

Your speech cannot change the Naval agreement, but it can create in the minds of men those national jealousies and fears which foster the war spirit.

That is the spirit which is the gravest danger to our future security.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. M. ADAMSON, M.P.,
20, Woodcombe Crescent, London, S.E.

DEAR SIR,—I congratulate you upon bringing forward a Bill to legalise osteopathy.

The highly skilled manipulation of bone and tissue is recognised as a scientific method of curing certain human ills—but not, of course, by the panjandrums of the General Medical Council.

For many years it has been practised in this country with highly successful results.

With the present spate of intended legislation, it is a pity that such a Bill should be needed.

Long ago the Medical Council ought to have extended well-merited recognition to osteopaths, thereby protecting the people from quacks and bunglers.

JOHN BULL.

Sir CLEMENT HINDLEY,
Racecourse Betting Control Board

DEAR SIR,—If public confidence is to be maintained in the tote there must be no recurrence of the scenes of confusion which reigned on Lincoln Handicap day.

As the dividend was not declared until thirty-nine minutes after the race was over, hundreds of successful backers were prevented from reinvesting their winnings on Moon Wood, the favourite in the next race, who was an easy winner, and holders of winning tickets in both races got hopelessly intermingled.

This was not a good advertisement for the tote on the occasion of the first big handicap of the season—just when a boost is badly needed.

The remedy lies in the provision of better paying-out facilities and a bigger staff. JOHN BULL.

The CHIEF CONSTABLE,
Cardiff

DEAR CHIEF,—The other day I commented upon the subject of obscene books, numbers of which are in circulation and are sold to all who are sufficiently morbid-minded to seek them out.

I am pleased to note that on the day after my article—"More Publishers to Prosecute"—appeared you sent officers to two shops in Cardiff and seized 3,000 copies.

It is a pity that the heads of other police forces do not follow your lead.

JOHN BULL.

The LORD PROVOST,
Glasgow

DEAR SIR,—A Glasgow youth who was fined 30s. in 1914 for a minor offence was unable to pay and joined the Army instead.

He served throughout the war and was wounded more than once. He is now employed as a labourer, and has just been informed that if he does not pay the fine he will be arrested and imprisoned for fourteen days.

He cannot afford the fine.

Was it for this that men went through the hell of the Salient? Surely this is a case in which a grateful country might hold out the hand of forgiveness. JOHN BULL.

Alderman DAVID ADAMS,
Lord Mayor of Newcastle

DEAR LORD MAYOR,—You were asked by a councillor why the name of a defendant, fined £15 for a recent motoring offence, was withheld

Obviously the City Council was the wrong place in which to raise this question.

But, as you know, except in the interests of justice or in a matter respecting the safety of the Realm, the suppression of names in courts is unwarrantable.

The law to-day at least is no respecter of persons, and the exercise of such partiality brings it into more than local disrepute.

Once the suppression of names sets in, justice is on the slippery slide. All sorts of people will begin to demand similar treatment.

JOHN BULL.

A Hush-hush Peril—Make No Bones About This

Mr. FREDERICK TIERNEY,
Bedlington, Northumberland

DEAR MR. TIERNEY,—You have my greatest sympathy.

When a four-year-old boy fell into the River Blyth another child came rushing to you for help. But you are blind, so what could you do?

The boy was drowned, but not through lack of effort on your part, for you did your best by going as fast as you could to the police. I can well imagine the agony you underwent in those tragic moments.

Yours was a terrible experience when the child's mother asked you if you could not have done something to save him. I can well understand that you did not reply to her query.

JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT *from the Shoulder*

LADY DIANA COOPER: "Don't let anyone come between you and the man of your choice."

The advice, dear lady, is wasted on Miss 1931.

M. POIRET: "Englishwomen are the best dressed in the world."

What will you say when you get to New York?

MR. S. R. C. BOSANQUET: "The dole is a necessary evil which has bad results on character. It takes away the incentive to work."

Parrot talk! What do you propose to do about it, anyway?

MR. J. H. THOMAS: "Sloppy sentiment will never sell Empire goods."

Or help to free the world of war lords?

SAD SAINTS *and* CHEERFUL SINNERS

The Sentence of the Court

WEARING the minimum of vestments, the Right Rev. E. W. Barnes, Bishop of Birmingham, chanted a plea of "Not Guilty" when charged with issuing false verbal coinage.

Mr. Watchdog, K.C., said that the alleged offence was committed at a meeting at Birmingham, presided over by the accused, on the eve of the Irish Sweep draw, at which a resolution was unanimously carried condemning the sweep as un-Christian.

The resolution expressed the conviction of the Christian Social Council, formed to carry on the Birmingham Crusade, that "all such lotteries are anti-social, and that Christian people should have absolutely no part in them."

"What precisely are the objects of the Birmingham Crusade," went on counsel, "I do not profess to know. But these gallant crusaders must suffer from a strange lack of evils against which to wage a holy war if they can think of nothing better to do than to try to transform thousands of decent people into miserable sinners.

"In disproof of the implication that holders of sweep tickets are of necessity infidels, I may mention that thirty members of a Y.M.C.A. hostel and the verger of a church in the Bishop's own diocese are among those who have drawn prizes.

"To describe as 'anti-social' an enterprise which will benefit hospitals—unfortunately, not English hospitals—to the tune of £600,000 is obviously to debase the coinage of our language."

* * *

Mr. Strawsplitter said that it was now fashionable to defend sweep gambling simply because thousands indulged in it. Presumably its defenders would be equally ready to excuse bigamy or manslaughter if these offences were sufficiently popular. The Bishop deserved credit for refusing to accept the fallacies of mob morality.

* * *

"Far be it from me to argue that black becomes white if a majority agrees to pretend that it is," said Mr. Justice Bull; "but neither is a harmless interest and excitement changed into a vice merely because a few people out of touch with public sentiment pass a resolution adding it to the list of deadly sins.

"The deadly sins originally numbered seven, but, thanks to the efforts of professional sin-makers and manufacturers of artificial vice, their number is now more like 777.

"But though this sweep be cursed with bell, book and candle, all the plain and fancy anathemas which can be devised will not make ticket-holders feel the degraded wretches they evidently appear to the eyes of intolerance peeping from behind a high altar.

"When I read the epithet 'un-Christian' applied to this method of raising money for hospitals, I am moved to ask the Bishop if he considers that a state of affairs under which sick people have to be denied admittance to our own hospitals owing to lack of accommodation is more in accord with the principles expounded in the Sermon on the Mount?

"If so, he cannot too soon amend his views; and to hasten this change I will sentence him to six weeks' orderly duty in an overcrowded and under-staffed hospital in his own diocese."

SPADES *are* TRUMPS!

by A. G. GARDINER

WITH Easter comes the great spring offensive in the allotments. On a million holdings throughout the land this week-end the activities of digging and sowing, planting and burning will be in full blast.

I would that the number were ten million, and when Dr. Addison's Land Utilisation Bill comes into operation it should be ten million.

For the development of this activity is no longer a matter of sentiment. It is a matter of national necessity.

The necessity was pointed out to us forty years ago in that remarkable book of Prince Kropotkin's, "Fields, Factories and Workshops."

The thesis of that book, as I recall it, was that the true foundation of a community was the cultivation of the soil, with industry as its superstructure.

Reaping the whirlwind

In this country the process had been reversed. Our astonishing industrial supremacy had divorced the people from the land and sent them into the factories.

The land was perishing. We were becoming all superstructure and no foundation. We were like a pyramid standing on its apex. If the whirlwind came——

But the warning was unheeded. What whirlwind could shake us? Our industrial predominance seemed unassailable.

Why bother about pigs and poultry, cabbages and turnips? It was the business of the world to feed us and to take our manufactures in exchange.

But the whirlwind has come. Today Kropotkin's book—why, by the way, does no publisher republish it?—reads like the writing on the wall. Our industrial supremacy is being challenged from every quarter of the compass. All the world is manufacturing.

Competitors are springing up on every hand. Lancashire no longer holds "the gorgeous East in fee." Japan has jumped the claim. Not only great countries like America and Germany are bustling us in the markets of the world. Lesser rivals like Italy and Czecho-Slovakia are in the field against us.

The industrial hegemony of Britain is overshadowed, and we have to fight for our place in the sun like the rest.

I think we shall have our place, but it will not be the old place. And with a diminished industrial position the problem is going to be how we can maintain the densest population the world has ever seen.

The solution of this problem has many aspects, and one of the most important centres is the land.

For this reason I rejoice in the Addison Bill as a summons to action. Whether that Bill is wise in all its features is disputable. I have serious doubts about the wisdom of vast expenditures on large-scale farms.

The extension of small holdings is a more promising feature. The Bill contemplates the setting-up of 10,000 small holdings, and with care I think this is not an impossible aim.

By the Small Holdings Act of 1908, in the promotion of which I had a modest part, 14,000 holdings were established on about 200,000 acres, and of these there have been only 5 per cent. of failures.

The similar Act of 1919, which put about 22,000 men on nearly 300,000 acres, at a cost of £10,000,000 to the national purse, was less successful because many of the men were totally unfit for farming.

The greatest caution is needed in this matter. The land suitable for small culture is limited. The type of man cut out for it is exceptional. And the serious snag is the cost of buildings and equipment.

Be careful

It has just cost the Lancashire County Council £16,705 to equip the South Lathom estate for thirty-six small-holders. The average size is eight acres and the average cost £464 per holding in cottages, fencing, adaptations and so on.

With expenses on this scale the utmost care must be exercised if we are not to repeat the deplorable experience of the Addison housing scheme. But with care Dr. Addison's 10,000 small-holdings should be economically attainable.

The aspect of the Bill about which all must be agreed and enthusiastic is the extension on a grand scale of the allotment movement, by the allocation of land to the unemployed, and the provision of seeds, fertilisers and tools on the most favourable terms.

This scheme is at once economical, practical and productive. It provides occupation for the unemployed—without disentitling them to the insurance benefits—and keeps them from physical and moral degeneration.

It increases the supply of home-grown food, restores the urban worker to contact with the soil, and builds up the nucleus of a new agricultural population.

The impetus given to the movement during the war has to some extent subsided.

At the annual meeting of the National Allotments Association recently it was stated that there had been during the past ten years a decline of 335,000 in the number of allotment-holders.

But there are still nearly a million, which is six times the number there was before the war. There is no reason why there should not be ten million.

There is no difficulty about land in this case. And there is no difficulty about costly buildings and equipment.

His own cabbages, and proud of them!

Nor is there any question of the insufficiency of men fitted for the job as in the case of small-holdings.

The work is within the competence of any artisan or clerk, and whenever the allotment movement has been organised seriously, the results are invariably satisfactory.

The experience in South Wales, where the Society of Friends, under the direction of Dr. Joan Fry, has provided allotments for unemployed miners, has been extraordinarily encouraging, and indeed has in no small degree formed the basis of the Government allotment policy.

No less remarkable is the movement at Sheffield, where in three months the Allotments for Unemployed Committee has enrolled 653 allotment-holders and brought at least forty acres of land under spade culture with the most promising results.

In this case the City Council has given the utmost help in the shape of land at nominal rents and the provision of seeds and tools.

With a fillip from the Government, this example should be followed everywhere.

If the city and borough councils of the country will throw their influence into the movement, it cannot fail to become one of the biggest departures in the history of the country.

Already I read that Sheffield is being bombarded with enquiries as to how to set about the business.

Next hundred thousand

I see nothing extravagant in the expectation that by the end of June another hundred thousand allotment-holders will be cultivating plots.

We cannot have too many of them.

Every allotment is not only an investment for the individual. It is an investment for the community.

It is a new link between the people and the soil, between town and country, and helps to pave the way to that agricultural revival which Kropotkin long ago saw was the prime need of this country.

If Dr. Addison can put steam and energy into the movement, he will do much to restore that equilibrium between the field and factory which is the essential condition of a secure society.

Homely Wisdom—by CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

Breaking the Bands

"RESURGAM"—I shall rise again. This Latin word has had a long and close association with the event that we specially commemorate at the Easter season, the rising of Christ from the dead.

But it is a word to be loved for other reasons, and is a good one for the downhearted to adopt as a motto.

No event in history has had such tremendous consequences for good as the belief of a few simple people ages ago that their Leader and Teacher whom they knew to have died a terrible death was alive and in their midst once more.

That one piece of news went to the heart of a group of mourners like an electric shock and made new men and women of them, utterly fearless, completely devoted to the cause of human brotherhood, neither asking nor expecting recognition and reward.

Some persons nowadays are hard to convince that the evidence for the Easter miracle, as it has been called, is strong enough. They cannot feel sure that Jesus Christ walked bodily out of the tomb in which He had been enclosed.

I am of those who believe that Christ did rise from the dead. If He had not done so we should never have heard of Him. But I should never insist on anyone else believing this as of first importance. The truly vital thing to believe is that nothing can kill what He stood for, the greatness of the human soul.

I read in a book the other day that life is a losing battle at every stage. We struggle hard for a footing in the world, but are never suffered to retain it long; we are soon swept of it, and there is always someone ready to step into our place.

Within our bodies the forces of health contend against those of disease from the day we are born, and as we grow older we become less and less able to hold the last enemy at bay.

All this is true enough, but it is not necessarily evil. We are not losers, but victors, if we can keep a brave heart and a cheerful countenance to the end.

"Resurgam." Make this your act of faith when things are going hard against you, and there seems no prospect of a better day. Never give in to evil fate.

The very act of saying "I shall rise again" helps one to do it, and there is a mysterious divine power within us that will always enable us to snatch victory from defeat.

"Resurgam" Say it even when you have played the fool and been your own destroyer. A man may hate himself and be the worse man for it; but the man who sees himself as he is and refuses to lie down under it is one of whose future there is hope.

"Resurgam." Friends have betrayed you, or deserted you at a pinch; others who think they know you well refuse to believe in you; no mortal hand is held out to help you.

Be it so; there is yet a God within your breast that can break the bands of the stoniest tomb that ever closed upon a human heart. Believe it and arise.

Big Revenue Conspiracy

ONE of the most audaciously conceived swindles of recent years has just been perpetrated within the very shadow of Somerset House, London.

Although the chief conspirator is a master criminal of international repute, it is clear that he has been ably assisted by numerous other people.

The victim is a prosperous man of affairs in London and elsewhere, who was drawn unwittingly into a most ingeniously woven net.

This highly reputable business man was surprised one day to hear from the Inland Revenue Department that certain questions relating to his income-tax returns were under review.

He was at a loss to know to what the letter referred, but he was not left to puzzle over it for long: he was visited at his home almost immediately by a stranger, who introduced himself as an inspector from the Board of Inland Revenue.

The caller said that though his department had written, he had felt that it would be more satisfactory if he came along to discuss things.

The other was unaware there was anything to discuss, but the so-called official broke the news to him that it was officially considered that he had defrauded the Inland Revenue of large sums of money.

A friendly offer

He declared that unless the other was prepared to make some definite arrangement forthwith there would be no alternative but to apply for process.

The business man promised to write to the Board of Inland Revenue within a day of so, and when the visitor had gone he sat down to consider his position.

Then he suddenly remembered a town acquaintance of his, a Mr. Norman James Kent, of Jermyn Street, London, a man of some influence and standing, whose friendship he had enjoyed for some time.

This Mr. Kent was seemingly a man of independent means, a member of several leading clubs and a frequenter of the smartest hotels.

Moreover, he was a man with a wide and distinguished circle of acquaintances, who, on more than one occasion, had mentioned a friend of his who, he said, held a high official post at Somerset House.

Mr. Norman James Kent, interviewed, agreed that the position was most unfortunate, and that, supposing a mistake to have been made on the part of the authorities, it would be very disagreeable having to go to court merely to vindicate his honour.

So Mr. Kent offered, as an initial step, to see his influential friend at Somerset House privately and endeavour to find out the exact position.

The two men met by appointment on the following day at a West End restaurant to discuss the result of this private interview—Mr. Kent wearing a very grave expression.

He was sorry to confess that the authorities had apparently delved into figures for years back, and were confident that their estimate of the arrears was a just one.

However, Mr. Kent had exerted his influence as strongly as he could, and he thought that court proceedings could be avoided if the business man would agree to deposit £1,250 with the Inland Revenue authorities while his affairs were being more fully sifted.

It was a pity, but this was the best compromise he had been able to effect.

Very obliging

In his anxiety to secure an adjustment as quietly as possible, the other agreed to this proposal, and Mr. Kent good-naturedly undertook to continue his part as mediator, and to take the necessary cash to his alleged friend in the Inland Revenue Department in person.

They went together to the bank to draw the money, and then took a taxi straight to Somerset House, where Kent went inside to complete the negotiations.

When he emerged Kent declared that everything was all right. He hoped the further investigations on the part of the officials would prove favourable.

Gone!

In the days that followed the two men met frequently, and, but for a hint from Kent that a further deposit might be required by the Inland Revenue, the business man's suspicions would never have been aroused.

When this hint came he decided to consult his solicitors, with the intention of turning over any subsequent negotiations to them.

Immediately he took this step he was dismayed to learn that his supposed friend Mr. Kent had abandoned his Jermyn Street flat and was not to be seen in any of his customary haunts.

When the Inland Revenue authorities were told, the case was considered so grave that it was immediately made the subject of a strict investigation.

It was clear that the business man had been the victim of a deeply laid scheme, and though Kent was undoubtedly the prime mover, the super-confidence trick could not possibly have been worked without being carefully planned beforehand in collusion with others.

After a great deal of trouble, the police eventually ran Kent to earth, and took him into custody on a charge of obtaining £1,250 by false pretences and of conspiring with other persons unknown to cheat the victim out of further sums.

Kent was brought before Mr. Mead at Marlborough Street to be formally charged. No particulars of the case were given in court, and Kent applied for bail.

The police strenuously opposed the application, testifying that Kent had refused to give any definite particulars about himself. He had failed to produce a passport or to say what was his nationality.

Mr. Donovan, who prosecuted for the Solicitor-General, also told Mr. Mead that he feared the prisoner would abscond if granted bail; but, in face of all this opposition, Mr. Mead very unwisely granted Kent bail [illegible] £3,000.

So, with the public left in ignorance of the amazing story lying benind the charges against Kent, that wily individual calmly fulfilled the prophecies and failed to appear at the next police court hearing.

This illuminating development could have occasioned surprise to no one but Mr. Mead.

He has not been seen since, nor can any clue be found of his whereabouts.

We are, however, able to reveal a number of astounding facts about him. His name is not Kent at all, but he is a notorious American swindler named Nat Kalvin.

Sowing the seed

The clever part in the present amazing fraud is the skill with which he cultivated the friendship of his victim for a long time beforehand.

There is a touch of genius about the manner in which he prepared the ground so that it was a foregone conclusion that the dupe would turn to him automatically for "advice" after the accomplice had approached him as an inspector of the Inland Revenue.

We know not how many other people he has defrauded in a similar manner, but we *do* know that he has many aliases and that he has engaged in a number of share-pushing deals in this country.

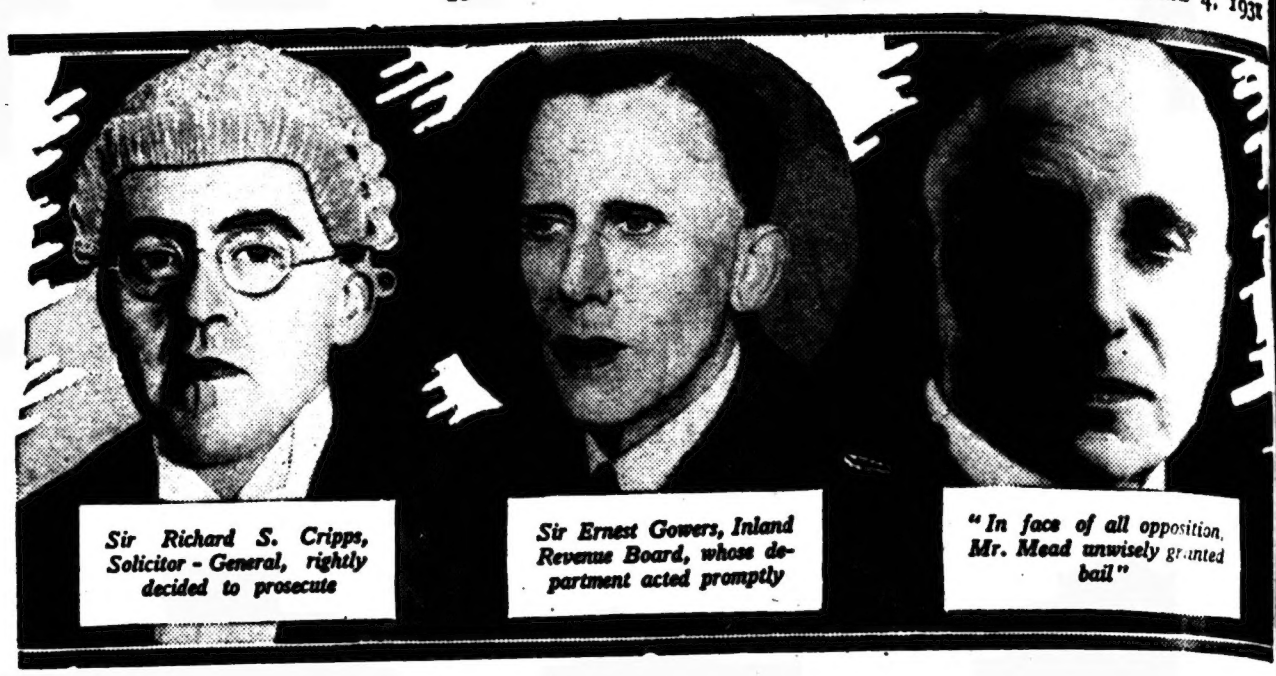
He has even worked with the notorious Jacob Factor and other share-pushers.

Another fact which emerges is that the originator of the Somerset House swindle is a man of Chinese origin.

Expelled once!

The latter, incidentally, has himself been pursued by the Inland Revenue authorities for arrears; but, while he contributed the idea for the fraud, it was left to Kent, alias Kalvin, to develop the scheme on artistic lines and to see it through.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about Kalvin is that he was actually expelled from our shores two years ago, and, until the sensational case we have here dealt with, the alien officials were quite unaware that he had returned to our midst.



Sir Richard S. Cripps, Solicitor-General, rightly decided to prosecute

Sir Ernest Gowers, Inland Revenue Board, whose department acted promptly

"In face of all opposition, Mr. Mead unwisely granted bail"

Astounding Income-Tax Blackmail

JUST ORDINARY FOLK!

TWO readers shared the £600 prize in JOHN BULL'S Crossword Competition No. 105.

One was Miss Marie Dixon, a dressmaker, of 38, Robarts Road, Anfield, Liverpool.

"The money will be a godsend to me," she says. "Now I will be able to branch out a bit in my business, which, if you have no capital, is just slavery."

Miss Dixon has often thought of entering one of our competitions, she told us.

"I was put off for a long time by people who told me that one has to be very clever to win prizes. But when I came to look at the actual winners I found they were just ordinary people like myself. This gave me enough courage to enter.

"This is just my second attempt; so you see my pluck has been quickly rewarded!"

* * *

A nicer house, medical care and holidays for the "old people," things for the home, for the chubby girl at school—and a bit for a rainy day!

These dreams are coming true to Mr. C. Wilks, of 6, Hayfield Street, Ardwick, Manchester, who gets the other £300.

Mr. Wilks, an omnibus-driver, has been employed by the Manchester Tramways ever since he left school, nineteen years ago.

"The JOHN BULL crossword is perfectly fair and straightforward," he considered, "and half the battle is judging the clues on their merits. There is no guesswork about it."

Now that you've heard, turn to page 32 and prove it!

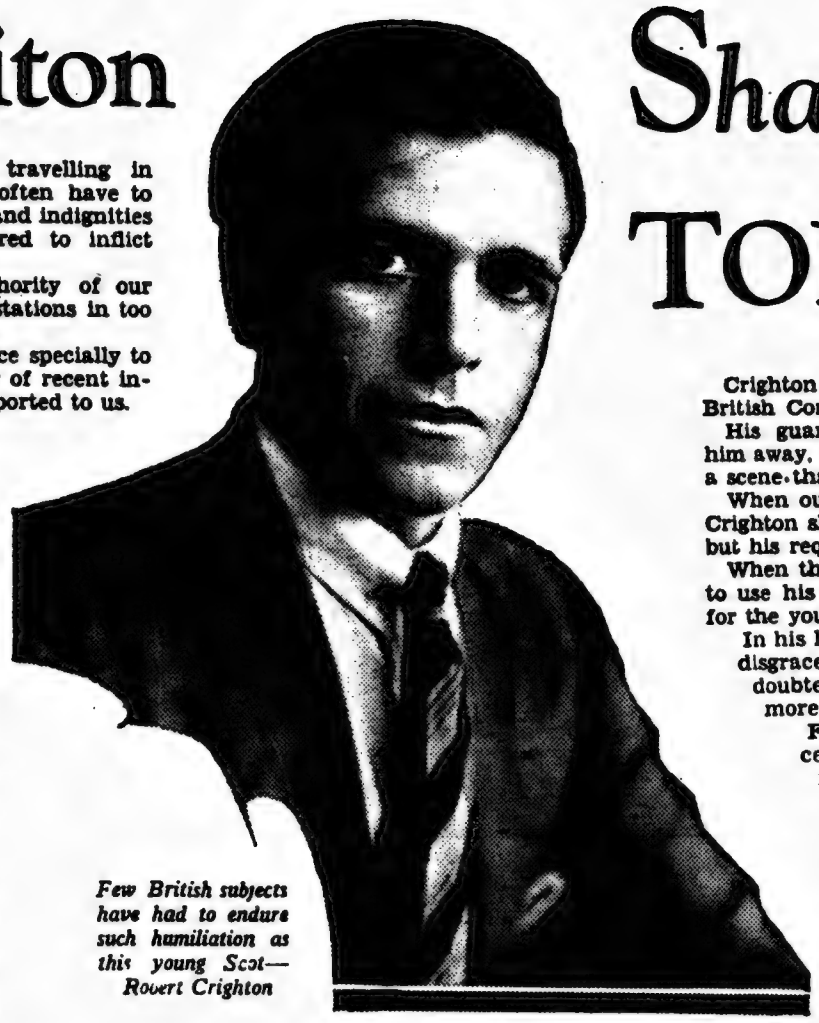
A Briton Shamefully TORTURED

BRITISH subjects working or travelling in foreign countries to-day too often have to suffer in silence humiliations and indignities which no one would have dared to inflict upon them twenty years ago.

Even the prestige and authority of our Consular Service is flouted and its protestations in too many cases are ineffectual and ignored.

We are asking the British Foreign Office specially to give attention to the worst of a number of recent instances of the kind which have been reported to us.

It concerns a young Scotsman, named Robert Crighton, who returned to his home in Southesk Street, Montrose, a few days ago after a period of terrible and degrading treatment at the hands of the United States authorities in the West Indies island of Porto Rico.



Few British subjects have had to endure such humiliation as this young Scot—Robert Crighton

Working a passage

Five years ago Crighton, who is twenty-seven, left Scotland with a British passport to join his brother on a ranch in Chile.

He worked there until some months ago, when he decided to come home in consequence of a report regarding his mother's health.

An adaptable and economical youth, Crighton, on reaching New York, enquired about the possibility of working his passage in a liner to Britain.

He was told that there was so much unemployment among regular seamen on the eastern seaboard that chances of the kind were few and far between.

But the U.S. Labour Department advised him that if he cared to make his way across to the Panama Canal, he would have no difficulty in joining a slow cargo-ship travelling from there by the Pacific route to Britain.

The authorities supplied him with a permit for this purpose.

With this document, he quickly got a place in a steamer proceeding to the Panama Canal by way of Galveston, Texas, where the vessel made a brief call.

Trouble starts

At Galveston, Crighton went ashore to send a cablegram about his movements to his relatives in Scotland.

The fact that he had been given permission to do so must have been forgotten, because when he returned to the harbour it was to see the ship steaming out of the port.

On board were his passport, his U.S. Government permit, his clothing and most of the money he had saved while on the Chilean ranch.

Crighton made next for the island of Porto Rico as the most likely place where he could get another ship bound for the Panama Canal.

There he went direct to the immigration officials, explained his position, and asked to be provided with another permit to complete his journey.

The reply he received was a staggering one.

It was that if British subjects came to Porto Rico without identification-papers they were invariably criminal fugitives from justice, and he would be treated as one.

Ghastly

The young man pleaded with the authorities to communicate with the Labour Department at New York or to telegraph to the ship which had sailed with his belongings, so that the truth of his story could be proved.

They laughed at him.

Then they threw him into the local jail.

At once Crighton demanded the right of interview with the British Consul, but once more they ridiculed him and told him that British intervention was not tolerated in Porto Rico.

It was a terrible place into which Crighton was thrust.

He found himself in a kind of black dungeon, 40 ft. long by 20 ft. wide, barred inside and outside, and lit by four tiny slits in the walls.

With him in this hole were 110 other men, the riff-raff and scum of one of the worst of the world's ports.

They were all negroes, Chinese, or men of mixed blood, and most of them had been convicted of or were waiting trial for murder, shootings, stabbings, and other crimes of violence.

Even the armed guards from whom he had to take orders were negroes.

All that Crighton had to suffer for two months in this jail cannot be told.

He bottomed degradation.

Day and night he had to sit or lie huddled on the floor of the small, evil cell with these 110 degenerates, never having more than 2 ft. of space to himself in which to move.

There was no toilet accommodation of any kind, and the place and its prisoners seethed with vermin.

The only food provided was a mug of coffee-coloured water and a piece of dry bread in the morning and a plate of dried rice and beans at midday.

Crighton wrote a letter to the British Consul describing the frightful conditions and asking him to intercede if only because he was the only white man in the jail.

This letter almost cost the young man his life.

It had scarcely left the cell before a negro entered and told the other prisoners in Spanish what Crighton had written regarding them.

From then onwards his fellow-prisoners abused him horribly.

The youth wrote again to the Consul requesting that at least he should be allowed some exercise daily or given an opportunity to work so that he could get away from the foulness and terrors of the jail.

Letters undelivered

No reply came. The British Consul did not receive any of the letters.

After a time Crighton was taken out, handcuffed, and led on a chain by a dago through the streets to the magistrate's court.

No charge was made against him. He was reported to be a criminal suspect and ordered to be sent back to the awful prison indefinitely "for purposes of investigation."

Crighton refused to leave the court buildings until the British Consul was summoned.

His guards handcuffed him again, and tried to drag him away, but he resisted so desperately and created such a scene that in the end they had to give way.

When our Consul arrived, he demanded at once that Crighton should be freed from his handcuffs and chains, but his request was ignored.

When the Consul heard Crighton's story, he undertook to use his influence to obtain the speediest possible trial for the youth.

In his later work on Crighton's behalf, the Consul was disgracefully obstructed. But what he did achieve undoubtedly saved the young man from longer and more terrible torture.

For five weeks more Crighton had to lie in the cell again with the crew of cut-throats and ruffians, and in the same conditions to which he had been previously subjected.

Then the young man, now covered with sores, was brought before the Federal Court and charged with having entered United States territory by means of a sworn declaration that he was an American citizen.

Crighton went to the witness-box and told the jury of Spaniards that the charge had been trumped-up to justify his detention.

He explained his history and how, in fact, he had been endeavouring to leave the country when he was arrested.

The prosecution could not produce any evidence of the alleged false declaration of citizenship, and without hesitation the jury found Crighton "Not guilty."

Still a prisoner

But he was not released.

The youth was sent back to the jail to be held for deportation.

This time he went on hunger-strike, and after five days it became so clear to the authorities that he was ready to die rather than attempt to endure more suffering that they gave him his liberty and allowed him to stay at the private house of the British Consul.

Once again he was handcuffed and taken like a felon to New York for deportation to Scotland.

If any case requires the urgent attention of the British Foreign Office it is this one.

Meanwhile we challenge the President of the United States to take up the matter. The appalling circumstances of Crighton's detention make this a question of international importance.

ANOTHER KIND OF IRISH "DRAW"

AN Essex reader saw an announcement in his local paper the other day that addressers of circulars were required by a firm which would pay 50s. a week for work that could be done at home.

He was unemployed, and his application was answered by Adam Murdock, who described himself as a "publishers' and manufacturers' agent," of Fostry, Drum, Newbliss, Co. Monaghan, Ireland.

The reader was told that he had been "accepted." He was asked to study the terms and let Mr. Murdock know when he would like to begin work.

The proposition, briefly, was that he should address quantities of circulars and send them in parcels to an address that would later be furnished. He would be required to pay the postage.

These circulars would ultimately be distributed and "business" would result.

On that business Adam Murdock would pay his distant clerk a commission varying from 25 per cent. to 50 per cent., with a bonus of 5s. when 2,000 circulars had been addressed.

Meanwhile the applicant was requested to forward 3s. 6d. as a deposit "owing to the cost of preparing and printing all the circulars."

He was also invited to send a further 2s. should he need "a really good fountain-pen to carry out this work."

On our advice, our Essex reader is throwing Adam Murdock's letters into the wastepaper-basket. Others should follow this example.

For an Irish firm to send its circulars to a scattered army of clerks in England for addressing is the height of absurdity.

Think of the expense, and think of the complications of having one's clerical staff located hundreds of miles away from one's business.

And Mr. Murdock does not even trouble to test his applicant's qualifications. He is willing to accept perfect strangers.

We hope Adam Murdock's attempt to wrest fees from English greenhorns will fail.

Proof positive

Some letters from thousands

Vorstadt Matten,
nr. Interlaken,
Switzerland.

I am getting a splendid thick head of hair and it is returning to its natural colour, and I am sixty years of age.—Mrs. Ott-Jenner.

"Queenmoor,"
South Benfleet,
Essex.

I ordered one of your Letrik Combs on Thursday, it arrived on Saturday. I started using it at once and by Wednesday of next week a bald patch on the crown of my head was completely covered with short new hair.—M. Kenneth.

21, Brent Way,
Finchley, N.

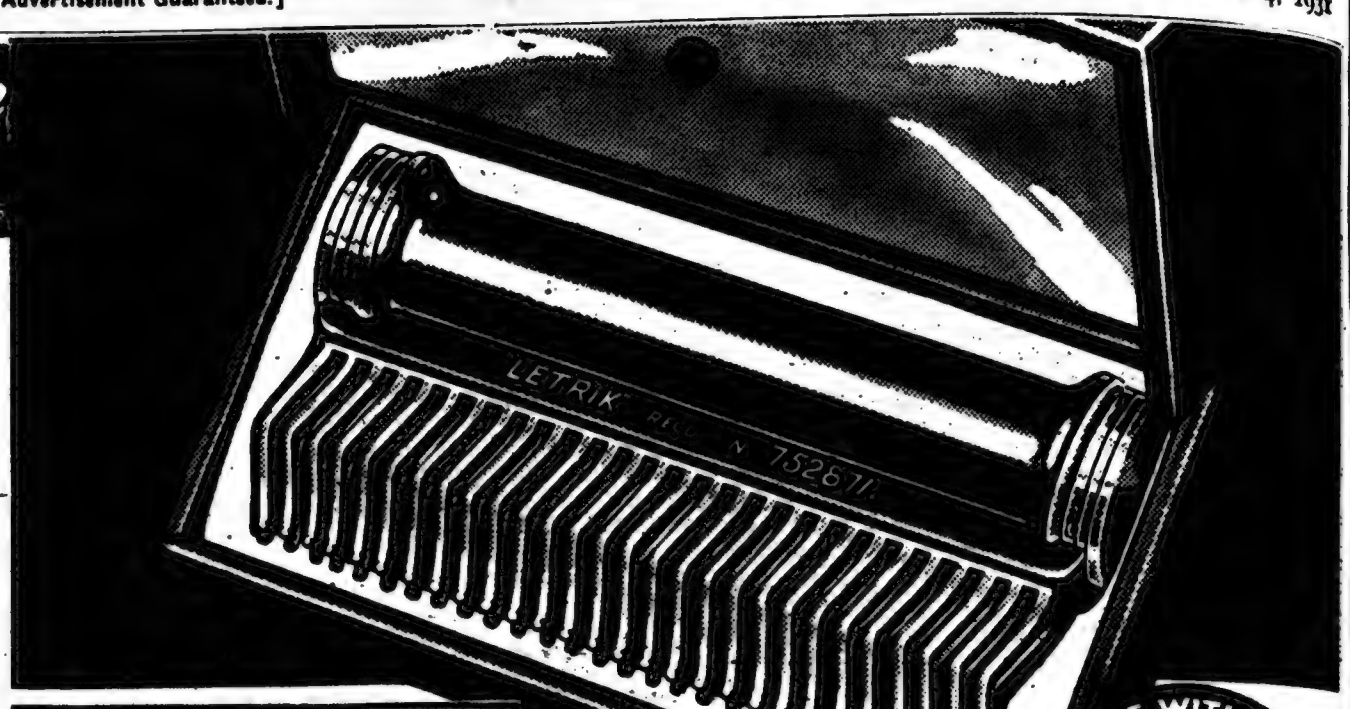
Here is a photo of my little girl. Her hair used to be straight and rather thin, but since using your Letrik Comb her hair is the wonder of the neighbourhood. It is a mass of waves, and a lovely colour.—Mrs. J. Atkinson.

VISIT OUR STAND AT
The Ideal Home Exhibition,
EMPIRE HALL,
FASHION SECTION,
STAND NO. 489.

Under the microscope you can see the new colour creeping up the old grey stems.

See how the hair is automatically waved as the teeth pass through.

Quickly new downy hair grows on bald patches. Stronger and thicker each day.



NEW HAIR IN 72 HOURS *for YOU!*

GREAT NEWS FOR HAIR SUFFERERS!

WHAT IS YOUR TROUBLE?

IS IT GREY HAIR?
In 10 days not a grey hair left. **£500 GUARANTEE!**

IS IT A BALD PATCH?
Covered with new hair in 72 hours. **£500 GUARANTEE.**

IS IT STRAIGHT AND LIFELESS?
Permanent wave starts the first day. Becomes full of natural colour in 48 hours. **£500 GUARANTEE.**

IS IT FALLING OUT?
Roots are strengthened and falling out stops in 18 hours. **£500 GUARANTEE.**

IS IT DANDRUFF?
Definitely stopped same day. Scalp cleansed in 3 days. **£500 GUARANTEE.**

800,000 LETRIK ELECTRIC COMBS
Are in daily use—in all grades of society from Royalty downwards—**not one has failed to do everything we claim for it!**

WHY SUCH AMAZING RESULTS?
Because the gentle flow of electricity from the battery in the comb flows from tooth to tooth as you comb. Flows down the hair stems and through the roots—waking them up, bringing them to life, like pouring life-giving water on parched soil. "Dead" roots come to life and start sending up new shoots of colourful, healthy wavy hair. The original natural colour of your hair starts creeping up the old grey stems once more. You cut off the grey ends as the new hair grows.

NO SHOCKS OR SPRAKS.
No feeling at all—nothing to say electricity is there but the delightful exhilaration afterwards, and a little pocket lamp bulb which lights up when placed on the teeth of the comb. Nothing to go wrong. Nothing to break. **You simply use it in place of your ordinary "dead" comb, in the same way.** The battery in the comb lasts 6 months, then a new one, which you can replace yourself in a jiffy, costs only 6d. (just a 1/- a year for this scientific electrical daily hair massage, which would cost you a guinea a time at the hairdressers).

Say "Good-bye" to your hair trouble NOW. Post coupon below for your

"LETRIK"
ELECTRIC COMB

Sending the coupon entitles you to a 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL in your own home. If within 7 days you are not in every way convinced yourself beyond all doubt that the LETRIK Comb is doing for you all that we claim it to do, then just post it back and say so, and your 3/6 and postage will be returned to you at once without question or correspondence. You are to be the sole judge. That is a fair and square offer from a British firm to British men and women. Post the guarantee coupon for return-post delivery (mark colour of comb required on coupon. Black, Blue, Green or Mauve).

POST THIS RIGHT AWAY

Fill in and post to—

LETRIK LTD., 70, Milton Street, London, E.C.2.

Dear Sirs,

I enclose postal order for 3/6. Please send me post free in plain packing one of your LETRIK Electric Combs as advertised in "John Bull," complete with battery and instructions and ready to use. (State colour wanted .....).

Under penalty of £500 you guarantee to refund my money and postage in full if I send the Letrik Comb back within 7 days and say I am not satisfied with the results. It is only on this condition that I order.

MY NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

..... J.R., 333.

£500 GUARANTEE COUPON

NOTE.—If a friend also wants a "LETRIK" Comb, two will be sent to you for 6/- post free. Simply mark "2" on coupon, and after 3/6 to 6/-.

PHOTOS OF 2 ACTUAL TESTS

Actual photographs of a test by Miss A. Cabter, Croydon.

FIRST DAY
"I had a bald patch spreading. My hair was very thin, and coming out in handfuls."

FIFTH DAY.
"New hair started growing on the bald patch—my hair was much thicker and stopped coming out. Getting wavy, too!"

TENTH DAY.
"My hair is absolutely lovely, Gracious fud. It's now wavy and full of colour. My friends are astonished. No need for permanent or water waving now I've got my 'Letrik' Comb."

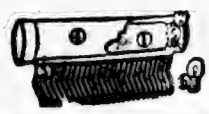
Actual photographs of a test by Mr. J. Martin, Forest Hill, London.

FIRST DAY.
"My hair was very thin and going grey. I looked about 45, and I'm only 35."

FIFTH DAY.
"It was doubtful now I'm told. New hair is growing all over, colour back, too."

TENTH DAY.
"That 'Letrik' Comb of yours has done the trick. All the hair I could want, greyness gone entirely. My hair is now wavy and its natural brown. Thanks! I'll spread the news!"

GREYNESS GOES (*Actual photographs*). The gentle electric current through the roots brought back vitality and colour in this case in 10 days although the lady had been entirely grey-haired for 14 years! The LETRIK Comb can't fail. Just use it regularly.



(1) *The strong little battery in the comb.*

(2) *Nothing to turn "off and on." Ever thing ready for use. When you want to put in a new battery, simply unscrew here.*

(3) *Double set of double-curved teeth wave the hair as you comb. The teeth are brilliantly nickel-plated.*

(4) *The handle and side pieces are in two colour harmonies. Choose the colour you want—Light or Dark Blue, Mauve, Green, Yellow, Red or Brown.*

(5) *The small high-tensile spring which holds the battery in place.*

(6) *A pocket lamp bulb will light when pressed against the teeth.*

Weekly Informations from Maj.-Gen. Sir Wyndham Childs

A Man Who Sells the Alphabet

A FEW weeks ago there arrived in this country from Australia a person of considerable importance. He is Mr. E. S. Sayer, President and World Chief Administrative Officer of the International Accountants' Corporation and Bookkeepers' Institute of Australasia, Limited by Guarantee (Incorporated).

Mr. Sayer bears credentials from two ex-Ministers of the Australian Cabinet, the Premiers of Victoria and Queensland, the Lord Mayor of Melbourne, the Speakers of the Tasmanian and New South Wales State Assemblies and the Secretary of the Royal Life Saving Society (Tasmania).

Some of these, it is true, are purely formal letters such as almost any Australian citizen could obtain, if he took the trouble. Others are couched in very complimentary terms.

They have all been photographed and reproduced in a very convenient little pamphlet, the front page of which is adorned with a photograph of Mr. Sayer himself.

According to the certificate of the auditor of his organisation, which is included in the pamphlet, Mr. Sayer, "if he chooses to do so," is entitled to use the following letters after his name —F.R.G.S., F.R.Econ.S., F.I.S.A., F.A.I.S., F.C.I., F.C.A.A., F.B.A.S., F.C.A.S., S.F.A.I., F.A.B.I.

• • •

As Mr. Sayer, I understand, is on a three-years' world tour, and must therefore be fairly busy, I do not suppose he finds time to use all these letters after his name all the time.

In fact, I notice that in some of the credentials he is modestly content with half a dozen, dismissing the rest with an airy "etc."

This, however, must not be taken to mean that our world-tourist looks lightly on the alphabet.

One of his chief purposes in visiting our shores is to "be-letter" members of the British public—for a fee.

According to advertisements in the daily Press, circulars, pamphlets and leaflets, persons are invited to apply for membership in the International Accountants' Corporation and Bookkeepers' Institute of Australasia (Incorporated).

Examinations are held half-yearly for the three degrees. Certain persons are also admitted on the ground of practical experience, without examination.

The "degrees" are Senior Fellow, Accountancy Section—S.F.A.I.; Fellow, Bookkeeping Section—F.A.B.I.; Associate, Bookkeeping Section—A.A.B.I.

According to one leaflet, issued in Australia, holders of the S.F.A.I. degree have the right to describe themselves as "incorporated accountants."

In this country that is the official and legal designation of persons who have taken the examination of the Society of Incorporated Accountants and Auditors—a body of the highest standing in the accountancy profession.

Although Mr. Sayer's organisation is international, the "degrees" are apparently open to some national changes, and it is explained that the description "incorporated accountants" cannot be used in Great Britain.

A slip, printed in red, giving the address of the London office as Coventry House, 3, South Place, London, E.C., gives "the designation of members in Great Britain" as S.F.Int.A.C. —Senior Fellow; F.Int.A.C.—Fellow; and A.Int. A.C.—Associate.

Though times are hard, the institute is, apparently, doing well. Its revenue for twelve months is stated to be nearly £15,000, so its "degrees" are being offered at bargain rates.

• • •

To quote one of its circulars: "Instead, therefore, of applicants for Foundation Membership applying for Senior Fellowship remitting with the application the sum of £6 15s. 2d., the standard fees, they now remit the annual subscription amount only—viz., £2 2s. 8d.—while Fellows remit £1 12s. 8d. instead of £4 5s. 2d. and Associates £1 2s. 8d. instead of £4 0s. 8d.

The circular in question is very candid. In its final paragraph it goes on:

"This letter, for instance, is of an unusual character and probably no society has ever communicated with you in this manner."

"This manner" it then explains is part of its "progressive spirit."

The organisation issues a Year Book. In the front is a message from the International President, Mr. Sayer, and facing it his photograph. It has also a message from the Prime Minister of Australia.

There are seventy-five branches throughout the world, including Siam, Iraq, New Hebrides, Borneo, Papua and Samoa, as well as the bigger centres of world commerce.

Membership of this organisation, we are told, has the professional and practical benefits of "added status of a Degree," "usual benefits of an Institute," right to use the institute seal, varying discounts of from 5 per cent. to 37 per cent. off members' purchases, and "social benefits accruing from the social functions, lectures, etc., held by the Institute."

I have had various enquiries made about this organisation, but as far as I can ascertain the holding of one of its "degrees" does not carry any weight among recognised accountants.

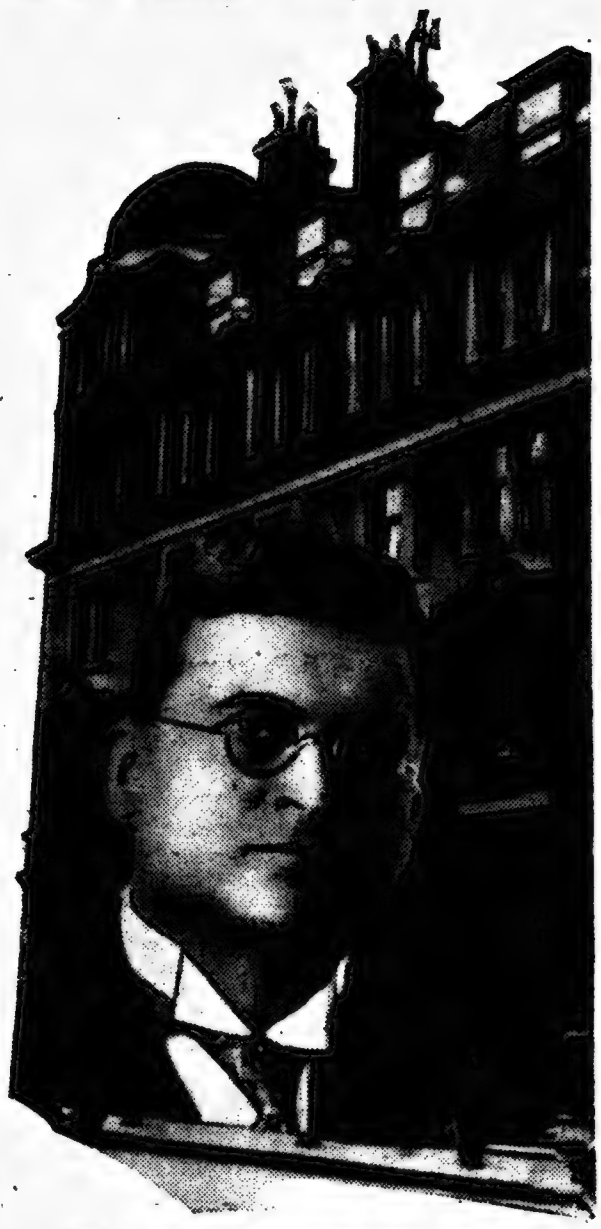
This profession is already well catered for by bodies whose examinations are widely recognised in the industrial and financial worlds.

There are seventeen organisations of accountants in Great Britain. Efforts have been made to get the profession registered so that the name "accountant" will imply a certain standard of professional knowledge and responsibility.

• • •

The two chief bodies are the Chartered Accountants and the Incorporated Accountants, and any young man wishing to adopt this profession would do well to sit for these examinations and leave high-sounding "degrees" alone.

It is of little professional advantage to a man to place letters after his name, unless those letters are immediately recognised as a guarantee of a certain standard of professional proficiency.



He'll be-letter you for a consideration—Mr. E. S. Sayer and Coventry House, his British headquarters

THE Elusive Lady of Bath

BEHIND the sudden disappearance of two women from a little cottage in Devizes, Wiltshire, lies an amazing story.

Mrs. Mina Dean and her daughter both wore deep mourning and were regarded in the district as "mystery women." They seldom spoke to anyone and seemed to keep within doors throughout the day.

When they emerged at nightfall it was to motor away in company with a man, and often they would not return until the following day.

Finally they disappeared. The rent for their cottage was in arrears, and defrauded tradesmen, solicitors' clerks with writs, and at least two private detectives knocked at the door in vain.

Before the Devizes episode Mrs. Mina Dean occupied a charming cottage, standing in its own grounds, on the downs just outside Bath.

The owner, who lived abroad, had no inkling of his tenant's true character for a long while after she gained possession of his premises; seemingly honest references were given, and for some months the rent was paid punctually.

But, unknown to the owner, Mrs. Mina Dean was getting credit on every side and incurring heavy debts.

When she suddenly wrote to say that her "large industrial holdings" had "gone down" and asked for a little grace, the landlord allowed the rent to stand over.

• • •

Another quarter-day dawned and Mrs. Mina Dean wrote in great distress to say that her daughter had developed brain fever through studying too hard for a university examination, and she again begged for respite.

Her next letter contained a further chapter of misfortune. Her aged mother was gravely ill; specialists had been summoned from Bath and Birmingham, and costly radium treatment was necessary.

This was followed by a black-edged epistle giving the news that the mother had peacefully passed away.

There was a touching description of the many floral tributes, and Mrs. Mina Dean intimated that her doctor had ordered her away for a complete rest.

Thereafter the landlord received many brief notes promising settlement, but they were posted from various places, such as Exeter, Bournemouth, Swindon and Downton, and gave no definite address.

His suspicions aroused at last, the landlord wrote to Mrs. Mina Dean at the Bath address, marking his letter "Please forward."

It came back with the added inscription: "Gone away—no address."

He returned to England with all haste, and had to break into his own property, for all the doors and windows were fastened.

The interior of the cottage was in a state of chaos. Paper was hanging from the walls with dampness, and his fine old English furniture was green with mildew.

Various portable articles of value were missing, and the letter-box was choked with bills and protesting letters from creditors.

• • •

When the landlord made enquiries in the district he found traders and others who had been duped by the charming Mrs. Mina Dean on a surprising scale.

There were debts amounting to over £400, the claims of two of the largest creditors being for £88 and £65.

The best wines and foods were obtained on credit and she frequently hired cars from local garages, the proprietors of which are to-day among her creditors.

Her touching description of her mother's funeral and the countless floral tributes was very helpful to her in staving off creditors.

Between Bath and Devizes we have been able to trace Mrs. Dean's progress to Swindon, where she also duped other people.

We warn landlords and tradesmen against this hardened adventuress.

FREE

THIS SUPERB WRITING SET

A Sensational Offer to "John Bull" readers for ten days only.

The Pen and Pencil Set in case of Orient Blue—our Gift to every new reader of the "Passing Show."

Look out for this gay red and black cover by Gilbert Wilkinson—it's a special Easter No.—44 pages & 2d. as usual.

Lost: "Yes, to tell you the truth, we were in rather a quandary about this garden. We didn't quite know whether to have a small tennis court or to cover it over and have a full-sized billiard table.

"DO you serve lobsters?" "We serve anyone," says the waiter, on Page 9, looking hard at his customers. And Gilbert Wilkinson with a few strokes of his pen does the rest. On Page 17, J. Jefferson Farjeon has a tale reminiscent of "Why Does a Crocus?" K. R. G. Browne on Page 23 pokes fun at our telephones and describes the thrilling game of "Bag the Boob." Page 32 . . . but we can only give you here a broad hint that the "Passing Show" Easter Number (44 pages) is Britain's Brightest Weekly at its wittiest, packed with fun from cover to cover. Don't fail to get a copy.

A GIFT after your own heart! A gift you will be proud to possess!

A Writing Set fit for a King. And yours *free* just for giving the "Passing Show"—Britain's Brightest Weekly—a fair trial.

On receipt of the Reservation Form (which appears below) properly completed, you will be sent the Gift Voucher on which you may qualify for your Gift and, in addition, a Free Double Entry Voucher entitling you to enter, without payment of any fee, the £1,000 Must-Be-Won X-word Competition which appears in the "Passing Show." This is the generous offer which you are asked to accept now.

Quite frankly we make this offer because we feel certain that once you give the "Passing Show" a fair trial you will become a regular reader. The "Passing Show" is now funnier than ever. It is packed with jokes from cover to cover. It is supremely Britain's Brightest Weekly. Besides cracking jokes, the "Passing Show" delights in poking fun at fads and fancies; waxing satirical over celebrities and notorieties; pulling plays, books and films to pieces and otherwise registering joy in a jolly and harmless way.

Some of the New Features.

Laughs from the Shows—all the fun of the play, films and wireless illustrated by Gilbert Wilkinson.

Intimate Personal Gossip about celebrities, notorieties and nonentities.

Brilliant burlesque of the leading features in modern journalism.

P.S. Personalities. Cartoons of the most popular humorists by George Whitelaw.

£1,000 Must-Be-Won Crossword with £100 for runners-up.

And—the Wonderful Gift

How describe the lovely gift we offer you? How conjure up before your eyes the Presentation Case of Orient Blue? How do justice to the daintiest and most efficient Pen and Pencil which ever graced a Bond Street shop window? You will go into raptures over the "mottled" finish of pen and pencil; the exquisite workmanship; the 14-carat solid gold nib, tipped with iridium which gives to the pen a touch like velvet and lasting wear.

How to Qualify

If you are NOT already a reader and will undertake to give the "Passing Show" a trial for thirteen weeks, we will present you with the magnificent Gift illustrated here and the opportunity for entering for the £1,000 Must-Be-Won Crossword Competition FREE. There is no "catch"—no hidden conditions. Fill in coupon below, giving your name and address. Affix a three-halfpenny (1½d.) stamp to the label and complete and send both in an unsealed envelope bearing a halfpenny (½d.) stamp to: "Passing Show," Dept. J.1, 68 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. A Gift Voucher will then be sent giving full particulars for obtaining your Writing Set together with your Free Entry Voucher for the £1,000 Must-Be-Won Crossword. Offer open for ten days only. Don't delay. Act at once.

PASSING SHOW

Britain's Brightest Weekly—2d.

Rules and Conditions.

This scheme applies to NEW readers only.

Not more than one member of a family living at one address may qualify for a Gift.

An order for the regular delivery of "The Passing Show" must be placed with a newsagent.

When applicants qualify for a Gift at the end of thirteen weeks, a postal order for 9d. must be enclosed to cover cost of postage, packing, Insurance, and for pocket clips which are specially fitted to Pen and Pencil. Applicants must use the Official Gift Voucher when applying for Gifts.

This offer applies only to persons residing in Great Britain, Northern Ireland and the Irish Free State.

IMPORTANT

This generous offer is open for 10 days Only. Do not delay. Fill in the Coupons on the right now. Post the Reservation Form and Label at once. Hand the Order Form to your Newsagent.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

If undelivered please return to Passing Show, Dept. J1. 68, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

A Three-halfpenny stamp must be affixed here to cover return postage.

HAND THIS FORM TO YOUR NEWSAGENT

ORDER FORM.

"THE PASSING SHOW" *Twopence Weekly.*

TO.....
(Name of Newsagent)

ADDRESS.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve "The Passing Show" for me weekly until further notice.

SIGNATURE.....

ADDRESS.....

DATE.....

POST THIS FORM TO "THE PASSING SHOW."

POST AT ONCE

Reservation Form.

To "The Passing Show" (Dept. J.1), 68, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

This Form Reserves in your name the Double Gift of a magnificent Mottled Fountain Pen and Pencil in presentation case.

VERY IMPORTANT.

Cut out the label on the left very neatly round the dotted line and enclose it with this Reservation Form. This label which will be used by "The Passing Show" for sending to you your Gift Voucher MUST be filled in by you with your name and full postal address very clearly written in BLOCK LETTERS. A three-halfpenny stamp to cover return postage must be affixed to blank space provided.

I CERTIFY that I am NOT already a reader of "The Passing Show," and that I have not purchased "The Passing Show" for the last three months. I undertake, commencing with the number on sale this week, to give "The Passing Show" a trial for thirteen consecutive weeks. I have to-day placed an order with the under-mentioned newsagent for the regular delivery of "The Passing Show," and give [illegible] name and address for verification purposes. In accordance with your special offer, please reserve in my name your Free Gift of a magnificent mottled Fountain Pen and Pencil in presentation case. And also send me the Gift Voucher on which I may qualify for my Gift, and FREE ENTRY Voucher for the £1,000 Must-Be-Won Crossword. N.B.—You may post this form in an unsealed envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp. **Applicants MUST also affix a 1½d. stamp to the label on the left, and also fill in on the label their name and full postal address. Please write clearly.**

Reader's Name .....

Address.....

.....

New Reader's Signature.....

Newsagent's Name .....

Address ..... J.B. 4.4.31

Checked and verified

District Supervisor

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. Available only up to first post Tuesday, April 14th.

Holidays AND Pay FOR ALL!

Holidays for all and—"better work, more cheerfulness" in the modern work world of noise and racket

by **E. Roffe Thompson**

MR. ERNEST BEVIN, general secretary of the Transport and General Workers' Union, threw out an interesting suggestion the other day when he said that he was going to propose to the commission on unemployment insurance the establishment of a national holiday in each industry, and the formation of a national pool to enable men to be paid for it.

"You are paying the money now," he said, "in so-called 'dole,' and in one form or another. It would be better to recast it and call three weeks a year a holiday period, and take money out of a national pool to meet it."

Whether, as Mr. Bevin believes, this would be any solution to the unemployment problem is doubtful; but there is no doubt at all that the time is long overdue for a statutory holiday with pay as a condition of anyone being allowed to run any industry at all.

Men and women are not beasts of burden. It is, perhaps, a little unfortunate for them that they are not, for the owner of a valuable beast has to see that it is neither overworked nor underfed. It has a cash value that is worth some little attention to preserve.

Not one day

Men and women are cheap. If one drops out there are plenty more to fill the gap.

And if you tell me that is cynical, I can only say that it is the attitude any impartial observer would say dominated a good deal of modern industry.

Many people are accustomed to look forward to Easter as an opportunity of spending a week-end by the seaside, among the fields and hedgerows, by river or stream, or tramping the mountainsides, and they spend many happy hours during the winter planning where they will spend their summer holidays.

These persons would be considerably shocked and startled to learn to how few of the wage-earners of this country even a single day's carefree enjoyment of fresh air and sunshine is possible.

There are, roughly, twelve million wage-earners. Only some two million of these are covered by agreements between themselves and their employers regarding holidays with pay.

The rest can either do without holidays or go without wages.

I have never been able to appreciate the magic difference between a "wage" and a "salary" that automatically seems to entitle the one to holidays and doom the other to a very fair imitation of slavery.

It always seems to me to be industrial snobbery of the worst type.

Just about three years ago an international conference met at Geneva to discuss ways and means whereby every person engaged in industry, no matter in what industry or in what capacity, might have a holiday with pay for at least one week in the year.

As far as I can discover, nothing seems to have come of it.

Yet on the face of it such a proposal is not only humane, but intensely businesslike.

Even steel gets tired and has to be given a rest. Why should flesh and blood be expected to be less immune from fatigue?

It pays—handsomely

It seems queer to have to use the word "enlightened" in this connection in modern times, but ask any enlightened firm that automatically gives all its employees such an annual breather whether it does not pay them handsomely and whether they would willingly abolish it.

Better work, better spirits, less sickness and more cheerfulness are only some of the dividends paid by such a policy.

When ten million workers are paid wholly inadequate wages, and, in addition, denied the right of every human being to a reasonable release from labour at regular intervals, is it any wonder that the country's bill for sickness is enough to stagger imagination?

Sunshine and fresh air are the cheapest and best medicines in the world, and we are strangely lacking in common-sense that we so obstinately go on depriving our workpeople of them.

It was only last year that the State itself woke up to its responsibilities in the matter by granting a week's holiday, with pay, to all its industrial employees.

The result was that nearly 100,000 people, employees of the nation in such departments of State as the industrial sections of the Army, Navy, Air Force, Postal and Office of Works Establishments got a carefree holiday for the first time in their lives.

Nobody has suggested that anything but good resulted; but it is, perhaps, not surprising that so many private employers didn't bother about such things when the State itself failed to give a lead for so long.

Last year, too, Glasgow Corporation—which was already giving all its employees eight days' holiday with pay—decided that these carefree annual holidays were so valuable and so beneficial that they must be extended from eight days to twelve.

Grind

And if Glasgow is any guide, such a bit of humanitarianism isn't particularly ruinous, for the cost of this extension of holidays to Glasgow is only £27,000.

I feel strongly about this question; and I feel that if any employer cannot afford to give his workpeople at least a week's holiday with pay every year he cannot really afford to be an employer.

Life is more than the mere earning of a living, and people want more than wages. They want reasonable leisure, a little enjoyment, a little realisation that their souls are their own.

We never think of industry in terms of millions of men and women toiling from morning to night to earn just a crust of bread, with no hope of relaxation from their monotony, nothing to look forward to, nothing but grind, grind, grind.

It's their loss, too!

It is not a pleasant thought, but we should sometimes think it, nevertheless. It might shock us so much that we should start demanding a change.

Work all the time muddles the brain and destroys the body. Recuperation is necessary not only to health, but to efficiency.

Employers who do not give their people holidays are not only bad employers; they are bad organisers and bad managers.

They lack the vision that characterises great men, for they work flesh and blood harder than they would ever dream of working their machines.

We are too busy running the world in a nasty little groove to bother about learning how to live—yet that is just as important as learning how to work.

We are too ready to assume that life is money, that wages and profits are gods, and that men and women need no more than hogs.

If there is any value in civilisation it is surely that it is steadily leading us to more leisure and culture and enjoyment.

It does not do and it does not pay to assume that enough to eat and enough to drink are all that a man needs.

All around us is the sweet-smelling earth, the air and the sun. Why do we so tyrannically doom millions of our fellows to lives that human beings were never meant to lead?

Why do we turn craftsmen into mechanical drudges and degrade work to a dull and brutish round of labour?

No one's monopoly

"People should remind themselves," said a recent writer, "that our all-bountiful sun sends its warm rays everywhere.

"It blesses the town equally with the country, the mountain with the plain; and gladdens the poor man, restricted in the circle of his outer life, with the rich man who can gratify every wish."

They certainly should; and some people—notably our legislators—should also remind themselves that millions of their fellow-citizens will this Easter, and every other holiday time, only be gladdened by the sun at the expense of worry and wondering how the enjoyment is to be paid for.

We never hear this question blazoned forth as a national scandal; but I can't think of a bigger.

The Human Machine

What's Your Best?

WE don't often measure either our ability or our willingness against other people. Perhaps this is a pity. Some of us would get some useful shocks if we did.

The American Engineers' Society recently did some measuring like this. It compared some of the best factories with the worst. What it discovered was sensational.

In one shoe factory the output was two pairs a day per man; in another, the output was twelve pairs a day per man. In one blast furnace it took a man eleven hours to produce a ton of iron; in another a man produced a ton of iron in seventy-two minutes.

In one sawmill the output was fifteen board-feet an hour per man; in another, the output per man per hour of board-feet was 323.

It wasn't all a question of efficiency and up-to-date machinery. It was, in many cases, just the difference between keenness and slackness, between interest and apathy, between willingness and sullenness. Those men did most who did their best because nothing but their best satisfied them.

We should all, every now and then, have a look round and see how we compare with other people.

Most people could always pull out another notch or two without doing themselves any harm, could always do a little more and a little better without running any risk of killing themselves with overwork.

Few of us know how good our best is, because we so rarely try to find out.

No. 2 'PLUS TWO' **NO ENTRANCE FEE**

£300 FREE CONTEST

BEHEADED NAMES

Conducted by the manufacturers of 'Plus Two' Cigarettes

O X

2 EECH

3 EARS

4 OOT

5 RAY

6 OCK

7 ODGE

8 ALL

9 E E

10 YERS

What well-known surnames are these?

Solve the ten names and win a big prize!

1ST PRIZE

£200

2ND PRIZE

£100

RULES.

Only one name must be given to each space.
The prize of £200 will be awarded to the competitor who sends in an all-correct solution. Failing this the prize will be awarded to the next best. The Second Prize is £100.
If more than one person share a prize, it will be divided equally among them.
The Competition Editor of the DAILY SKETCH and SUNDAY GRAPHIC will act as Judge, and his decision is final and legally binding. Employees of Godfrey Phillips Ltd. and members of their families may not compete. When you have filled in the entry form, add your name and address in block capitals.
Each double entry form must be accompanied by that piece of flap containing the words "PLUS TWO PUSH THIS END" taken from a 6d. packet of 12 "PLUS TWO" cigarettes (or two 3d. packet flaps). You may send in as many single or double entries as you like on this basis. The flap from a 1/- packet of 24 covers two double entries.

All entries to:
Godfrey Phillips Ltd.,
Box No. 62,
110, St. Martin's Lane,
London, W.C.2.

Closing date is FRIDAY, APRIL 24th, 1931. Result will be announced in this paper on May 16th.

You may send in your efforts now or save them until the closing date.

The missing letters are represented by the initial letter of the word illustrated.

IMPORTANT.
Other entries — accompanied by the necessary pieces of flap may be made on plain paper cut to the size of entry form, but only one side of the paper should be used. This offer may not appear again. Cut it out for reference.

Result of 'Plus Two' Beheaded Names Contest.

The correct solution was:
1—BARR
2—PENN
3—WILLS
4—CORNER
5—MALTON
6—KEITH
7—NORRIS
8—MEAD
9—ROSS
10—BECK

The following competitor sent in an all-correct solution and thus wins the First Prize of £200:
A. BROWN, 48, TROSSACHS STREET, GLASGOW.

The Second Prize of £100 is shared by the following 23 competitors, who each had only one error:
Albert Bishop, 28, Skypeals Rd., Walthamstow.
Thomas Corlett, 5, Hampden Rd., Birkenhead.
Percy Fairbank, Moy Hill House, Newbey, Lancs.
D. H. Frost, 111, Spa Hill, Upper Norwood.
Mrs. C. Hood, Lytchett, Matravers, nr. Poole, Dorset.
F. Harding, 17, Whitmore Rd., Beckenham, Kent.
H. Joy, No. 4, Simmonds Row, Canterbury.
J. Jones, Fronden, Jenner Rd., Barry, Glam.
Florence Knubley, 15, Queen's Gate, S.W.7.
W. C. King, 8, Vaughan Ave., Doncaster.
C. Morison, 17, St. Edmond's Rd., Bootle, Liverpool.
W. A. Revell, 41, Church St., Birkenhead, Chesterfield.
B. Robinson, Oddfellows Hall, 2, Northampton Villas, Swansea.
A. E. Stringer, Royal Mews, Windsor.
F. E. Sawyer, 34, Golden Hillock Rd., Small Heath, Birmingham.
R. L. Swaby, 46, Felden St., Fulham, S.W.6.
Mrs. S. Tompkins, The Green, Goldington, Bedford.
Albert Ward, 15, Roundhay View, Harehills Lane, Leeds.
George Watson, 23, Newlyn Rd., Woodseats, Sheffield.
J. E. Wright, Church St., Chard.
R. Waller, 231, Chadderton Rd., Oldham.
Miss F. Whittaker, 18, Steadman Terrace, Leeds Rd., Bradford, Yorkshire.
The other entry with one error has no name and address. This competitor should claim, giving an exact copy of his entry in the writing in which he sent it in.
Cheques have been dispatched.

PLUS TWO CIGARETTES
ENTRY FORM

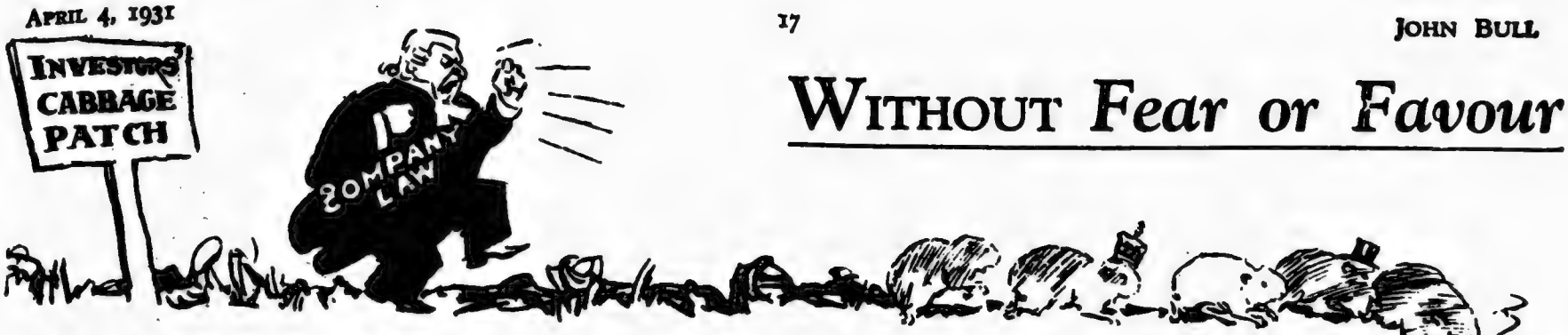
1st ATTEMPT	2nd ATTEMPT
1.....	1.....
2.....	2.....
3.....	3.....
4.....	4.....
5.....	5.....
6.....	6.....
7.....	7.....
8.....	8.....
9.....	9.....
10.....	10.....

Name .....

Address .....

J.B.3

PLUS TWO Cigarettes 6 for 3d 12 for 6d



WITHOUT *Fear or Favour*

TITLED DARLINGS *of* FINANCE

ALL is quiet on the City front. The last resounding crashes of the Hatry, the Lorang and the Bevan cases have died away among the ruins of the boom-period companies.

But still the timid investor stays under cover; in spite of all the blandishments of Throgmorton Street, he will not take another chance.

What can induce him to come out again? Nothing except the complete and adequate protection for his investments which a tightening-up of the Companies Act would afford.

The Act passed in 1929 is a vast and intricate piece of legislation, a happy hunting-ground for lawyers, and as full of flaws as a basket is of holes.

It is the flimsiest protection for the investor against the machinations of clever company-promoters.

By far the biggest flaw in this unwieldy Act is that part which deals with the duties and responsibilities of directors.

The "guinea-pig," the director who puts his fees above every other consideration, can still flourish unscathed.

The man who pawns his title to window-dress the prospectus of a dud and doomed company can evade every obligation to the investor who puts up the money on the confidence implied by the bearing of a noble name.

The rats depart

A RANDOM selection among a dozen companies whose affairs have been prominently before the public during the past year or two will reveal many figure-heads—peers, baronets, and bearers of distinguished military titles whose names recur constantly. These men make a business of their directorships.

In a recent case one was shown to have held seats on the board of thirty dud companies, drawing fat fees from each.

Like rats which are supposed to leave a sinking ship, they resign as soon as things begin to go badly with the companies in which they are interested.

A High Court judge recently commented on the fact that a company had changed its board several times, only one original director remaining at the final crash.

Without scruple, they took the money their names brought to them and conveniently resigned before the necessity arose to face a shareholders' meeting.

Officially, the director of a company is elected to watch the interests of the shareholders. Actually, those interests are the last concern of the unscrupulous collector of directorships.

The law lets him get away with it—and with a good proportion of the shareholders' money.

Apart from the money obtained in directors' fees, in underwriting and other devices allowed them in return for the use of their names, there is another method of milking the shareholder which is indefensible.

Muddle and spoliation

THAT is the growing custom of paying these decorative directors huge sums by way of compensation when they resign directorships of the companies which they have never "directed."

Behind almost every company crash of the past year is the same tale of directorial incompetence and evasion.

What is the secret history of the sixty-two public companies taken at random from the Stock Exchange list whose shares last year were worth £32,000,000 and are now worth £7,000,000?

There is nothing in the present Act to prevent this barefaced exploitation of the shareholder.

Directors good, bad or indifferent have it both ways. The shareholders are forced to look on hopelessly while resolutions are pushed through of which they do not approve or extravagant benefits are conferred on directors.

So far the net effect of the Act has been to haul a few directors before the courts for technical offences and fine them small sums ranging up to £25.

Yet a penurious and shady nobleman of the type of Lord Haldon—so often mentioned in these columns—and others of his ilk continue to pack themselves on boards and take their share from the company promoter who sets the stage and clears out again before the crash comes.

The experience of the last year has clearly demonstrated the futility of the Act. There must be another before the end of the present Parliament if the wheels of finance are to revolve again, lubricated by the money of the small investor.

Cut their claws

MR. H. M. SAMUEL, former Financial Secretary to the Treasury and chairman of the Public Accounts Committee of the House of Commons, obviously a person of wide authority, has denounced the 1929 Act in scathing terms.

His suggestions for a remedy are sweeping. They include, among other reforms, that every director appointed to a new company should be responsible for its affairs for three years subsequent to his resignation.

The maximum number of directorships held by any one man should be ten, Mr. Samuel insists.

Another point, and the most important, is that every person or concern, except the printer, whose name appears on a prospectus should be held responsible for the statements contained therein.

But even with these strong amendments the shareholder is still without protection from those ignorant and inexperienced directors whose incompetence can ruin a business just as surely as any trickery.

We would go further and suggest that every director be compelled to state his experience of the particular business he proposes to direct in the prospectus issued to the public.

It would furthermore be an excellent scheme to licence all directors, there being rigid qualifications for obtaining a licence. No unlicensed person could hold a directorship.

Each of these reforms would be practical and easily applied.

Even then the conditions would not be as stringent as in some countries, notably Germany, where each company has a controlling committee of three appointed by the shareholders. This committee has absolute powers over the company's affairs and directors.

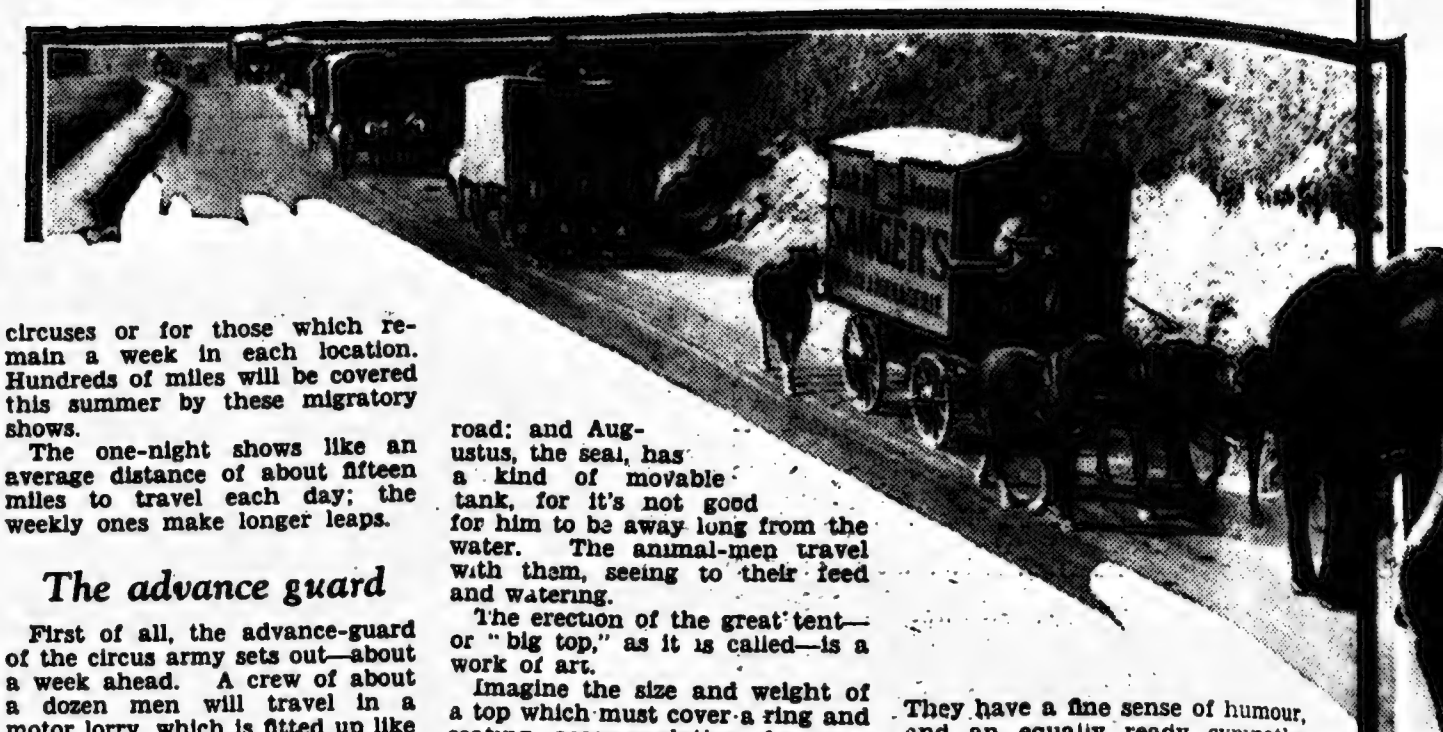
Once through the meshes of the law, the guinea-pig browses at leisure in John Citizen's cabbage-patch

Selling his birthright

WE may well take a leaf out of Germany's book in the administration of company law. The present Act is based on antiquated and hopelessly inadequate legislation passed in the "fifties" of last century.

The sooner it is scrapped and remodelled with the necessary reforms we have suggested the better it will be for business and the worse for the crook company promoter, the guinea-pig, and the incompetent and decayed nobleman who sells his title to unscrupulous financiers.

HOUP-LA! for the Easter Trek



THE travelling circus has come back! There are more large joy outfits on the open road this Easter than ever before.

The smaller circuses which strolled gently along the byways to small towns and villages are far fewer, it is true.

The large modern circus pitches in the city, borough, or county town, and the people of the villages flock in by motor-'bus. Then the circus moves on to a new "stand."

The "roading season" is now in full swing—with one important difference.

The picturesque horse caravan of old has been replaced by the motor lorry and van.

No more the wayside camp between village and town. The quick machines whirl the outfits from centre to centre in a quarter the time of the old jog-trot.

Already, for six weeks, things have been stirring in the winter quarters of the circuses. These quarters are usually in the country—often attached to a farm.

A school of tricks

A skeleton crew is maintained during the winter, to look after gear, and to tend the animals whose owners do not succeed in obtaining winter engagements in town circuses or in music-halls.

The "roading season" ends in October or November; and then the winter quarters are established. They appear to be a sort of combination of stable and menagerie.

Lions, tigers, zebras, bears and horses; during the winter they are groomed and trained—for they must not forget their tricks.

Also, during the winter apprentice bears and lions and seals must learn their parts. The trainers, animal-tenders, grooms and groundsmen all live in the winter quarters.

Elephant men have been known to sleep in the same room as their bulky charges.

One great elephant is accustomed to have his attendant sleep in a cot by his side, while a big black cat sleeps on the elephant's back.

Jumbo refuses to go to sleep until both his room-mates are also ready for bed.

Six weeks before the show goes on the road, real activity begins. There is a lot of polishing and repainting to be done and canvas to be overhauled.

Brilliant birds

And, from all over the world, the artists are coming. Trapeze acrobats, equestrian - riders, clowns, animal-tamers—they all come flocking in, like the flight of seasonal birds at the hint of spring.

They have been working, perhaps, in permanent circuses, in Berlin, Paris, Buda-Pesth, or South America; or they have been on the music-halls; or perhaps they have just been "resting."

The routes are all mapped out, whether for the one-day-stand circuses or for those which remain a week in each location. Hundreds of miles will be covered this summer by these migratory shows.

The one-night shows like an average distance of about fifteen miles to travel each day; the weekly ones make longer leaps.

The advance guard

First of all, the advance-guard of the circus army sets out—about a week ahead. A crew of about a dozen men will travel in a motor lorry, which is fitted up like an office and bill-room.

This crew is under the command of the advance agent, a very important person in the little world of the circus.

It is their job to see that the town is well covered with the emphatic, brightly-coloured bills, announcing the show to come.

But first they will get to the location—still bare and, perhaps, muddy—and see that the telephone is installed, so as to keep in touch with the main body at headquarters.

Yes, the circus has modernised itself a bit, too, although it's the same old circus.

And then—the circus arrives for the first show.

The artists come in twos and threes, some by train, some by car, and some in their living wagons.

Not all artists live in caravans nowadays, although this method is still popular among those who travel in small circuses, touching villages where lodgings are hard to find.

Home on wheels

Some travel grandly in high-power motor-cars and live in hotels. Some take the train.

But the performers are not the only members, by a long way, of the circus community.

There are the tent-men, the ring-men, the animal-tenders, grooms, mechanics, bandsmen; and the ring-master, in his resplendent living-van; and the equally important tent-master in his.

The circus travels in lorries. The horse-drawn circus-van has almost disappeared.

The tents are carried by specially-constructed lorries. The ticket-office is a lorry. The apparatus of the trapeze performers; the seats and other paraphernalia—all is packed away in amazingly quick time, and set together equally quickly.

The population of a circus may number as many as 150 men and women, and most of them live in vans.

Then there is the non-human population. The animals travel sometimes on lorries and sometimes on trains. Their travelling cages are so constructed that they can easily be wheeled on to flat railway trucks or lorries.

The horses, of course, are in their travelling-boxes, on rail or road: and Augustus, the seal, has a kind of movable tank, for it's not good for him to be away long from the water. The animal-men travel with them, seeing to their feed and watering.

The erection of the great tent—or "big top," as it is called—is a work of art.

Imagine the size and weight of a top which must cover a ring and seating accommodation for one, two or even four thousand people. The least error in staying it and the whole thing would collapse.

When the job is done the grimy tent-men have a wash and some tea. Then they put on magnificent uniforms and are ready for their work as ring-attendants.

A happy clan

That is their double function. They are old hands, the canvas-men, and they love the circus, despite their frequent, good-natured grumbling.

They know the history and secrets of every circus and tent-master and ring-master in the land. They live in motor-vans, and take their meals in a restaurant in another van or under canvas.

Here the simple food is so good that many a highly paid artist prefers to eat with the lads of the canvas rather than to go to the local hotel.

Once the big tent is erected, the various vans are outspanned around it.

There will be a lot of lorries and living-vans—vans for performers, for ring-master, tent-master and tent-men, for clerks and typists, for bandsmen.

They are friendly, but rather clannish people, the circus folk. They have a fine sense of humour, and an equally ready sympathy for any of their kind who falls victim to misfortune.

Their art is frequently hereditary—especially so with acrobats, clowns, equestrians and animal-tamers—many of them can trace back generations of their kind.

They are cosmopolitan, too. It is true that most animal-tamers are foreigners, or of foreign origin.

It is curious to see a corpulent and very French lion-tamer suddenly kiss rapturously the mane of his lion which has just succeeded in learning a new trick.

And how they look after their horses! This, of course, is quite understandable, without sentimentality, for the riding artist's living—and sometimes his life—depends upon the fitness of his horse.

Horse comes first

You will see a rider of the "High School"—a famous equestrian—come from the ring perspiring, panting and exhausted after a daring act.

But before he takes rest or refreshment he stays by his horse until it is safe in its box; and even then he'll probably stand by and watch the groom rub it down, or help him, and he won't leave the precious animal until it is

The pet of the ring prepared for beauty treatment—beginning with a clean shave

The Romance of SPANGLES and SAWDUST

The "Roading Season" has begun—but the picturesque horse caravan has largely been replaced by motor vehicles. The elephant, in charge of the camel, leads the way down to the circus.

All shipshape and ready for the crowd to roll up

"Putting up the big tent is a work of art"

quietly enjoying its bran-mash meal.

All circus artists understand each other, whatever their nationality, for they can all talk a kind of circus *patois*, a mixture of half the languages of Europe.

One of the funny things about clowns is that they really enjoy being funny when they are not in the ring.

One hates to say this because it destroys an old illusion regarding clowns—that they are really melancholy persons. We have all heard of the breaking heart beneath the grease-paint.

But it is true that clowns, for the most part, are a jolly crowd. They are specially given to leg-pulling, and also—although really living most peaceably together—they love pretending to indulge in violent quarrels.

They are fond of card-playing, and they will sit for hours on the weather side of the big tent playing nap or whist or bridge.

Along will come the Cowboy King, look on for a moment, and then ask if he can sit in: and then a mild lion-tamer, with ferocious moustache, will linger longingly there.

Finally, you will see half the programme sitting in groups intent on some simple game.

They are simple people, the circus artists; but they are also fond of enjoyment. And they risk their lives—some of them—every day, light-heartedly.

If you read a paper devoted to circus doings, you will frequently see such items as: "Mr. ——, the well-known trainer, who was bitten by a bear recently, is now almost better.

"The bear had only been three weeks with the show, and, although the manager asked him to leave out the part, he would not do so."

The daily risk

And there are the performers on the flying bar who never know, when they climb to the heights of their platform, whether they will not that night break a limb.

But, of course, they do not think of this. And, on the whole, there are remarkably few accidents in circuses, considering the risks which are taken.

An instance of British courage was related the other day by a well-known dealer in wild animals. A certain circus, at the last moment, required a group of lions.

But there was no disengaged trainer in England, and, of course, the lions could not go to the circus without a trainer to put them through their tricks.

A young English animal-tender, who had fed and watered these lions and of whom they were fond, volunteered to train them. He was given a trial, and now he is on the road with a show—a full-blown trainer.

Any circus man will tell you there is a lot of difference between being a trainer and merely an animal-tender or "beast-man."

Nowadays it is motor-lorries instead of horse-caravans; but the circus is the same, in spirit and in form.

It is true that the old circus parade has been almost abandoned—when the entire circus, performers, animals, caravans and all, made a tour of the town. This is because modern traffic conditions forbid the old parade.

But still the circus will send out an elephant or two, or a band, preceding a couple of crazy clowns in a broken-down barouche, to let all the world know the news—the news that never fails to bring a quickening of the pulse and a thrill of joy in the heart of everyone who isn't quite dead inside—the news that the circus has come to town.

A moving advertisement—the joy of the lads of the village

All Good Wishes for a jolly Easter—Fine weather and plenty of fun. As for me, I've made certain of enjoyment for I've laid in a stock of Manikins, knowing from past experience that there's nothing like their mild, nutty fragrance to add to the joys of a well earned rest.

Slip a box of 25 in your bag or carry one of the handy pocket 15's—You'll be glad you took my good advice.

MANIKIN
·CIGARS·
MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR
25 for 4/2
15 „ 2/6
5 „ 10d.
All Tobacconists Sell Manikins

See John Bull's "Shop Window" & Small Ads on Pages 2 & 3.

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 23.

Real Life Stories—

Life's own story-book is the strangest, most fascinating of all. This week another well-known author sets down a dramatic tale which worked itself out before him.

—by Famous Authors

HATE

". . . a strong arm went down, and the next moment she was across the saddle in front of him"

HE was one of those men you never get to know and understand. A lone male. A typical colonial to look at; big, b r o a d - shouldered; charming in manner one moment, sullen, surly and introspective the next.

You had offended him, though how, in heaven's name, you certainly could never fathom. Talk about a woman being uncertain!

"Big Bill" was the name by which he was known all over that part of Kenya, and I came across him on one of my first official visits as a policeman under Government.

A policeman's position there, you know, is vastly different from what it is at home. He has the *entrée* anywhere, and is welcomed.

I had my own district to look after, a good horse to ride, and every man my pal.

"Big Bill" was Government, too. Roads, that was his job. At that time, and not so long ago either, roads were only banked-up, hardened mud.

AT the close of the wet season, Big Bill went out with his team of oxen, which was harnessed to a kind of wooden sweep which drew up the mud to the crown of the road as the team progressed, the sun continuing the good work by baking it hard; and that comprised the road till the rainy season reduced it once more to almost impossible quagmire.

I rode up to his bungalow on this first occasion with some papers for him to sign, and surprised him heavily booting a cringing native "boy" for some misdeed.

I tried not to notice, and Big Bill laughed heartily at my embarrassment.

"Ha! ha! The new policeman, and all blushing! I ought to be doing that. Come in, old son, and have a spot!"

Over a mild drink he quite suddenly opened up, and unburdened his troubles.

"I'm supposed to be a pretty hard case," he volunteered. "Dare say you've already been told that. Well, if I am, it is not my fault."

"What was the trouble, then?" I asked; not that I really wanted to know; but he had such charm of manner, his eyes looked so friendly, that you just had to be interested.

"Oh, women, as usual. A rotten lot they are here. Always want the sort of pleasures no colonial bloke can ever give them; and once you cross them, then off they go, with someone else as a rule."

"Then did . . . ?" I commenced.

"Yes, my missus pushed off with the kid three months ago—and it hurts like hell. They are all the same," and so on, and so forth.

Before I left that night I was an established pal. Bill was like that. If he liked you, you were his dearest friend; if he didn't, you were either nothing or a potential enemy.

"Come along any time for a pow-pow. There's always the odd spot, you know," he sang out as I got into the saddle.

But if the women were the rotten lot he painted them, he, certainly, couldn't do without them. There were always stories: and the latest to fall to his charm was little Mary Saunders.

Old man Saunders was a coffee planter with a fairly big estate, and Mary was his ewe lamb, a very nice child, not more than twenty. She was certainly very attracted to Bill, in spite of at least ten years difference in age.

But then Bill was one of those men whom all women instinctively wanted to mother. He had a way of conveying the impression that life had not given him a straight deal.

MARY and I talked about him one day when duty took me to their bungalow. She knew all about his unbridled temper and fits of gloom.

"Somehow, I feel that he is my job," she explained.

Well, it was none of my business, but I knew Bill spent a lot of his spare time at the planter's place.

Then came the arrival of Teddy Nash, sent out from England as assistant to Bill on Roads. And from that moment there was trouble.

Teddy was just a big, honest, overgrown schoolboy, brimming with life and fun, keen as mustard on the new life Kenya opened up for him; a cheery young spark if ever there was one.

Nothing upset him; snubs, curses or kindness—and he had plenty of the first two from Bill—all were one to him.

It was this very gaiety that sandpapered Bill's nerves.

He wore a monocle for one thing, and Bill loathed it. Darned clever.

... is also BLIND

by JOHN REED WADE

—who, as the Editor of a prominent London magazine, peruses thousands of fiction stories each year. His own story for JOHN BULL is a true one.

too, he was with it. He could swing it by its cord, and, more or less, catch it between the side of his nose and eyebrow.

And he loved horses; could do anything with them and on them. That was another point that rankled in Bill's mind.

Bill's native boys, who had looked up to him as a demi-god, obviously thought even higher of Teddy, for they admired horsemanship to a man, and Teddy was a superb rider.

He clattered up to the bungalow one day lying flat on his horse's back, his head to the beast's tail.

This gave Bill an awful shock; he thought Teddy had been shot or something.

THEN up he rises from the saddle, grinning from ear to ear.

"Only dying for a drink, me old thundercloud," he sang out.

"Go to blazes, you damned young buffoon!" Bill spat out, his temper getting the better of him.

Teddy would gallop along the road, lean over from the saddle till his head almost touched the ground, and pick up a handkerchief, just for Bill's benefit.

As Bill was an indifferent rider he fumed with annoyance, particularly as these merry tricks rather amused Mary.

So it was that the two men were oil and water.

Teddy's happy "Cheerio, my old Empire-builder, what's the order for Roads to-day?" when everything was dripping and sodden in the rainy season and Bill in the depths of gloom, produced an outburst of temper that was wholly unwarranted. Nerves, of course.

"Offensive young swine" was his actual retort.

And "Oh, Daddy, Daddy, take it all back and give me a drink" was Teddy's laughing rejoinder.

Truth is, it takes two to make a quarrel, and Teddy hadn't learnt the way.

I WARNED him there would be trouble if he didn't look out.

"Rot!" he laughed. "He doesn't mean a word of it. I can handle him all right. Poor old chap! Worrying over his missus and kid, I expect."

And of course trouble came.

Teddy and Mary were good pals by this time, and Bill's stock was slipping back.

This was the last straw, and his brooding temper and barbed jibes rather frightened the girl.

Most of Bill's work was done by car, and when passing the planter's bungalow on his way home one day Bill spotted the girl on the veranda, and shouted and waved to her.

Mary, a little put out by his recent sulks, turned away, just to "larn" him, and Bill went off down that road a raging demon.

It was Teddy, of course, who was at the bottom of it. His muscles knotted in blind fury. "God! how cheerfully he could kill the boy and watch him die by inches."

BUT he was not so blind that he did not see, with quickened heart-beat, a few hundred yards away to the left, a large bull buffalo, the one wild animal in all Kenya that is actively dangerous.

Rouse him, and he will charge a railway-train, and woe betide man or beast that meets that charge.

Bill knew his danger; knew how madly stupid a thing it was to interfere with a buffalo, but he was just in the mood for hurting something.

Deliberately he stopped the car, reached for a rifle he had in the back, took careful aim, and fired.

Usually a dead shot, perhaps his nerves and smouldering rage upset his aim. The buffalo was hit, but by no means fatally wounded. It spun round on its tracks and charged, a tornado of rage and death.

Bill didn't stop; he trod on that accelerator and streaked for home at somewhere near fifty an hour.

He had about three miles to go, and soon outdistanced the buffalo, which gave up the chase. But the beast hadn't forgotten.

They will lie in wait for a man for hours, if necessary, and it is amazing how completely they can hide with very little cover. And they are not small animals either.

Teddy, hearing the clatter, hopped out of the bungalow, struck an absurd attitude, monocle and all, and chirruped:

"Great Brooklands, Bill, you *must* have a thirst!"

Teddy was near to death then, had he only known it.

Bill choked down the retort; an idea had flashed suddenly into his mind.

"OH! I can drive all right, old son. I'm for a bath." Then, almost cheerfully, with the running simulation of a madman, he added:

"Just seen Mary!"

"Bless her! Where, Bill?" The question was eager.

"Down at the bungalow," replied Bill, going to his room.

That would do it, he knew. He listened, breathless, to each sound—Teddy's retreating footsteps, the scrape of a horse's hoof, the jingle of harness.

Teddy was going to amble off down to Saunders' place, and somewhere on that road was a wounded buffalo waiting to take toll of a man's life.

* * *

Not two miles down the road it happened.

Out of the tail of his eye Teddy saw the dark mass hurl itself towards him.

Back went his spurs, down went his head, and he was riding for his life.

Whether the beast was winded by his last charge, or weakened by the wound, the horse gained; when, suddenly, Teddy's horror-struck eyes fell on Mary coming towards him on the road.

Teddy was a quick thinker. The buffalo was already flagging. There was a hundred yards between them. He had got just about ten seconds to spare.

"Stand still, Mary!" he fairly yelled, checked his mad rush, gripped with his knees as never before, a strong right arm went down, and the next moment Mary was across the saddle in front of him, and the fear-maddened horse away again.

They gained the bungalow well ahead of the beast, thus cheated for a second time.

"What on earth were you doing there, Mary?" Teddy asked as soon as they had recovered their breath.

"It was Bill," she explained. "He drove past the bungalow, and I wouldn't look at him.

"Then a few minutes later I heard a shot, and I worried and worried about it, till I could stand it no longer.

"You never know what Bill will do, and I was convinced he'd shot himself. I just had to go along and see."

"Bill's all right, old girl. It was darned lucky I'd got the gee. God, what an escape!"

Saunders came up just then and, hearing the story, like a wise man, refused to allow Teddy to go back that night. In any case, his horse was all out.

* * *

ALL this, of course, I learnt later. I came into the job the next morning, when, riding over to Bill's, I stumbled across the ghastly sight of the body of a man pounded and pulverised on the road, mangled almost beyond recognition.

Not far off was a rifle, and, a bit farther, a dead buffalo.

Piecing the story together—and I'll bet I am right—knowing Bill as I did, I feel he meant that boy to go to his death, and then, his rage having simmered down a bit, he realised what he'd done.

There was a lot of good hidden deep down in "Big Bill," you know.

He knew, as we all knew, that the boy was gold all through, that the things that raked his nerves were just evidences of schoolboy fun, and that, so far as Mary was concerned, he didn't really want her for himself; couldn't have her for a wife even if he did, with one wife already living.

Anyway, they were of an age, two jolly kids together.

So, having set the dastardly trap for the boy, he'd have to get him out of it, and as he was the only one with a rifle, he rushed out on foot to save the boy's life.

THAT is how I pieced it together, anyway, from the evidence I gathered from Teddy and Mary in the stories they both told me.

The buffalo had been hit twice; once, I suppose, with Bill's first long shot on the road, and the second time when he met him while on his rescue attempt.

This last bullet was the one which eventually killed him, but not before he had got his man.

I may be wrong, and no one will ever know the exact truth now, but Teddy, at any rate, believes that Big Bill gave his own life for him.

* * *

I was moved to another district soon after, but a man who came from that way told me that Teddy was doing very well on Roads, and that old man Saunders had long since given the pair of them his blessing.

Our Big Double

JOHN BULL readers have wonderful opportunities of winning huge prizes this week.

Bullets on page 35 has a big £500 first, with a double bonus of £10 cash added to all prizes of £2 10s. and over.

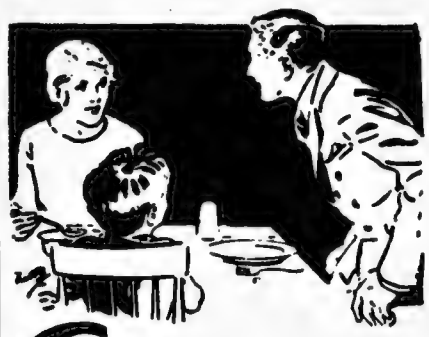
The £1,000 Must-Be-Won Crossword, with £100 for runners-up, appears on page 32.

Don't delay a moment—enter these fascinating contests—and the big prizes may be yours.

NEXT WEEK:

Clive Pemberton's Real Life Story of a young man's miraculous feat of surgery:

"The Guiding Hand"



Come on Daddy

You've got time for Quick Quaker

EVEN if there is little time to spare there is no need to go without a hot breakfast. *Quick* Quaker—ready in 3 or 4 minutes, is the world's quickest hot breakfast.

Children, too, need a hot breakfast that sustains and nourishes. *Quick* Quaker keeps out the cold and gives just that vital energy needed by fast-growing bodies — making all the difference to health and endurance in old and young alike.

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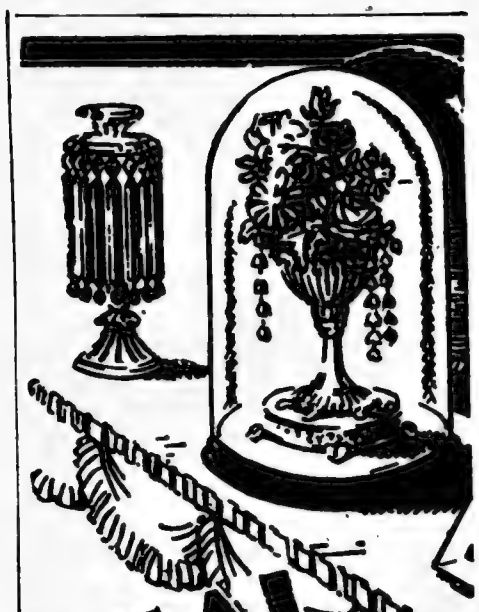

REAL ...not artificial

Some artificial things serve a worthy cause—wax flowers in glass cases, for instance, brightened many an old-fashioned home—but what justification is there for giving an artificial flavour to tobacco?

The plain truth is that most cheap tobaccos *need* disguising. Made from coarse, crude leaf, something has to be done to take off their "edge" and to soften their "tang." No matter though, how much they may be "perfumed," or "doctored" they cannot compare with RUBICON MIXTURE in flavour, taste or smell. Costing only 8½d. oz., RUBICON has a full, rich flavour and clean, wholesome aroma which are wholly and *entirely natural*.

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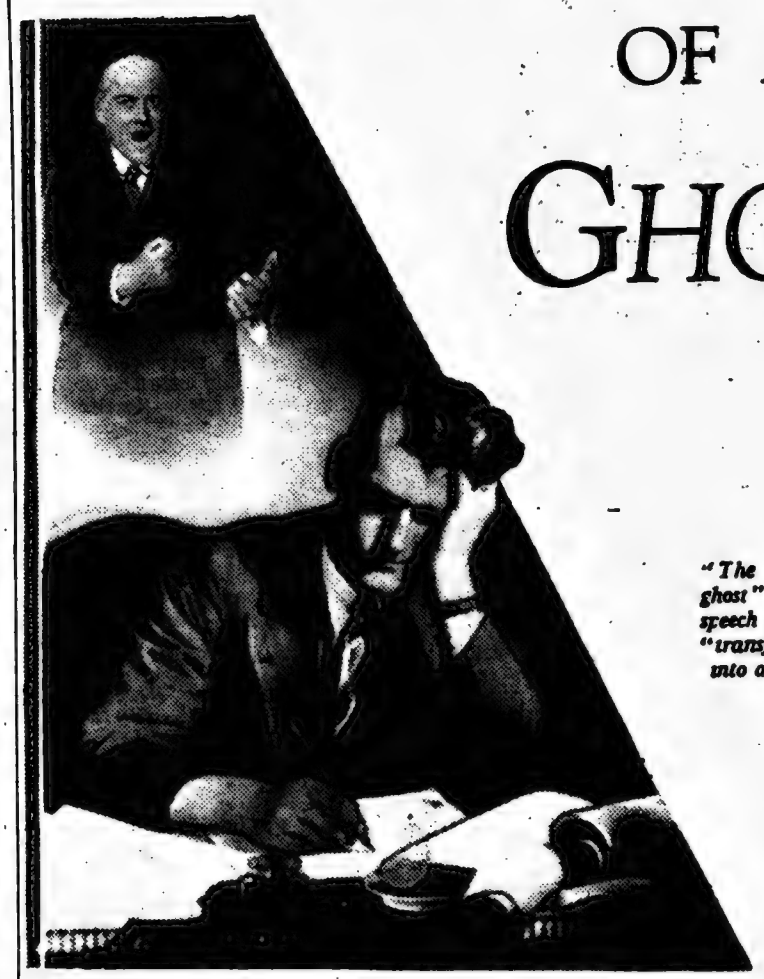
Confessions OF A GHOST



"The tousle-headed ghost" prepares the speech which "transforms a Nobody into a Somebody"

by Adam Gowans Whyte

"I became a Ghost by accident"

IN order to believe—really believe—in ghosts, it is not enough to have seen one. One must have been one.

I became a Ghost by accident, or at least without intention. Somebody asked me to jot down a few notes upon a subject about which I knew something—"for the information of my friend the Member for Puddlescombe," who, of course, knew nothing.

On the day after the subject was debated in the House, the Parliamentary report gave me a shock. Here was a speech of which I could endorse every word with all the enthusiasm of a father for his child.

Ignorant as he might be on the issue, the Member for Puddlescombe had an excellent memory. If the rules of the House had permitted him to read my notes, he could not have done better.

This was the first of many occasions upon which I addressed the House of Commons and guided the destinies of the Empire.

SO many of my sentiments, my loveliest phrases, have been uttered from all parts of the House that when I read pessimistic observations about the decline of Parliamentary eloquence I experience a sense of personal affront.

I am far from being the only Ghost that haunts Westminster. Indeed, there are so many of us that it seems almost a miracle that the public should never suspect our existence.

Strange it is that they should not realise that every sitting of the House is a séance, at which the mediums transmit the messages received from invisible controls.

The solution of many of the mysteries of politics lies with us.

Take the frequent case of the Member who makes a brilliant maiden speech and thereafter foozles into oblivion.

What has happened? Simply that he took ghostly counsel in the first instance, and then, having become intoxicated by the exuberance of his borrowed verbosity, he foolishly decided to get along without a Ghost.

How often, again, have you not read a bright, pungent, informative speech on foreign politics, and discovered, having met the speaker later, that he was a dull dog who might well imagine Jugo-Slavia to be a new face-cream?

If you attend by-election meetings you will hear the candidate fumbling among hoary platitudes and making everybody wonder who on earth persuaded him that he was a fit and proper representative for anything beyond a suburban whist-drive.

NEXT day you open a newspaper and read that, "in conversation with our representative," the same candidate appeared to have inherited the mantle of Disraeli.

So, if you know the ropes, you gather that Waggles has come on the scene—little, tousle-headed Waggles, who drinks Jamaica rum, whose ambition is to pay off the instalments of his Baby Austin, and whose chances of entering the House of Commons are as good as those of joining the House of Lords.

Superficially, of course, all this ghostly activity may appear fraudulent.

The public, declares the rigid moralist, has the right to demand that every word purporting to come from a distinguished mouth or pen should do so in fact and *in toto*.

But where would the busy politician be if he could not delegate some of his duties to humble anonymities?

Moreover, the fraud perpetrated by a Ghost is an honest one, if the Ghost be efficient. The true function of a Ghost is to inhabit the mind of his employer—to think his thoughts, to frame his phrases, to imitate, as well as initiate, his wit.

A REALLY competent Ghost will write so that the man he is serving will feel that he himself has written.

The association between a public man and his Ghost is indeed the most intimate soul-relationship that can be imagined.

When it has existed for some years, the Ghost loses all sense of a separate identity, and his partner genuinely believes that everything produced by the Ghost is a mere reflection of the intellectual effulgence so loudly admired by the public.

But on more than one occasion careless Ghosts have dropped very awkward bricks.

The most painful case on record concerned the president of a learned institution who was delivering "his" annual address, composed by a journalist who had developed a profitable side-line on the astral plane.

In the middle of his address the president stopped suddenly and said, in a testy voice, "What nonsense! I am utterly opposed to any such thing."

Some time ago I was called upon to prepare some "dope" for a Member of Parliament who was a stranger to me. I looked up his productions and found that they consisted mainly of a dull and uninspiring record of Parliamentary proceedings week by week.

NOW, nothing is more difficult to imitate than something which is altogether featureless. I felt that to reproduce this sort of stuff would be an outrage on my artistic nature.

Suspecting a Ghost, and a wretched blackleg one as well, I turned to the reports of the Member's impromptu platform speeches, and found that he could lay about him like Falstaff.

Whereupon I gave him a speech that was even more like his style than anything he had ever said or written.

In this incident you have clear proof of the necessity for protecting the profession of Ghost—the genius who can transform a Nobody into a Somebody.

The formation of an Amalgamated Society of Ghosts is long overdue. And I would impose very strict limitations on the membership.

I would admit nobody who could not, say, produce in rapid succession *convincing* speeches by Cabinet Ministers and Party leaders on any given subject.

I would exclude all the ghosts of film stars, tennis champions, cricket heroes and famous footballers.

ALL that is expected of people in these walks of life is that they should express *some* opinion—no matter how silly—on anything that happens to be exciting the public for the moment.

Ordinary members of the Amalgamated Society should be expected to prove that they have raised their men from the back benches to at least the level of a Parliamentary Private Secretary.

It may be argued that the shocking muddle into which politics has sunk is an indication that not only should most politicians be sent to the scaffold, but also that their Ghosts should be "laid" without mercy. But in this world all things are relative.

Had we Ghosts not been at work unseen and unthanked, the confusion of political thought and action would be sheer chaos!

There was an old miser of Kent
Who was always behind with his rent.
On each quarter-day
He would quite mean to pay,

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £50 and other prizes, as stated, for a best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on a piece of paper and attach the small coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire, or Duplop), or label from 'Diploma' Milk, 'Coronet' Milk, or 'Moonraker' Empire Cheese. Send as many attempts as you like, which may all be written on one sheet, but for each must be attached a label. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to

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Pessl of Vienna pays tribute to *that English schoolgirl complexion*

"No skin can remain beautiful if it is not regularly cleansed with soap and water. But to say 'Use any soap' is dangerous. You should be particular in choosing a soap for your face. Only a pure soap—a soap of fine soothing cosmetic oils, will do. This is why I recommend only Palmolive."

I. Pessl

KÄRNTNERSTRASSE 28, VIENNA

The captivating freshness of the Englishwoman's complexion is the envy of the world. For here was born "that schoolgirl complexion"—every nation has learned from England that the regular use of Palmolive Soap is the simplest way of retaining the complexion of youth.

S. PESSL, who attends Austrian aristocracy and famous women from all over the world at his fashionable Kärntnerstrasse Salon, pays tribute to the fresh-complexioned girls of England.

THE fresh complexion of English women, typically portrayed in the out-of-doors girl with her soft, healthy, clear skin, has promoted admiration throughout the world—"that schoolgirl complexion" has come to mean the natural loveliness and charm of English women.

Beauty specialists who pay tribute to the charm of radiant English womanhood agree that soap and water plays the most important part in safeguarding its birthright. "But it must be Palmolive," they say.

Herr Pessl, the famous Viennese beauty specialist, advises the simple Palmolive home treatment that has made the English complexion the envy of the world. He says: "Only a pure soap—a soap of fine soothing cosmetic oils, will do. This is why I recommend only Palmolive."

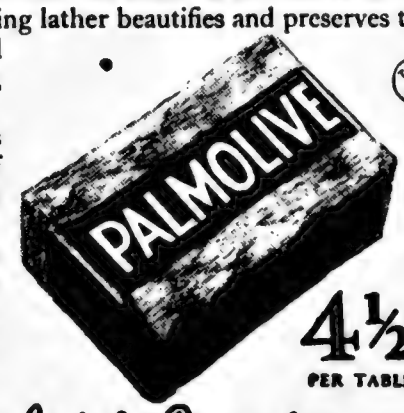
This simple home treatment

What Pessl advises is an ever-so-easy home treatment. First, make a lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. Secondly, with your finger-tips massage this into face and throat, working the impurities out of the pores. Thirdly, rinse off the soap with warm water . . . gradually colder and colder. There! Isn't that cleanliness delightful?

When you use Palmolive you get the benefits of the world's leading toilet soap. For Palmolive is a pure vegetable oil soap—made from the famous natural olive and palm oils. Its colour is the natural colour of these two oils. Its mild soothing lather beautifies and preserves the skin by protecting its natural delicacy. It cleanses safely, beautifies easily.

Be sure the soap you use does not irritate—the naturalness of Palmolive is your safeguard against irritation.

Use Palmolive for the bath as well, it costs but 4½d. the tablet and you will find it lathers abundantly even in the hardest water.



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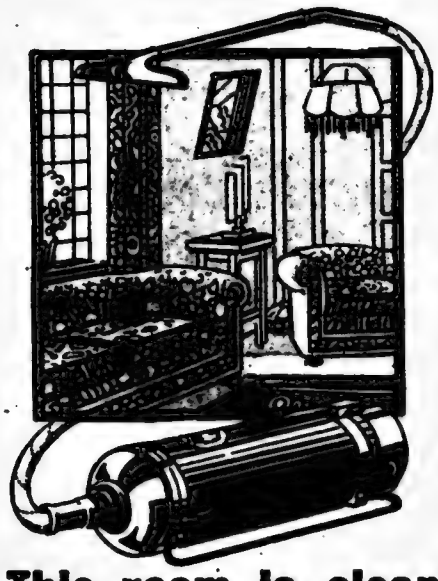

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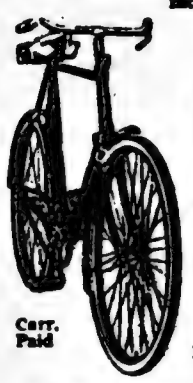
Pump, Tool-bag, Tools, Oiler and Reflector included free.



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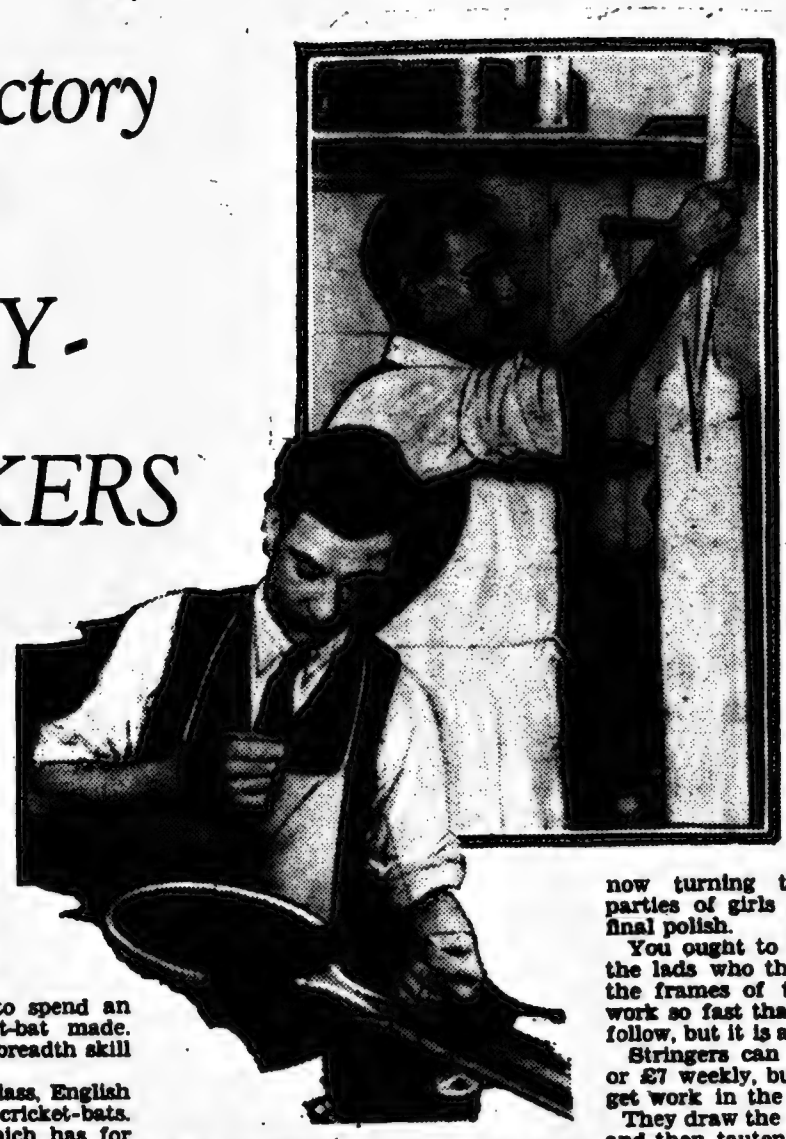


ALL the winter thousands of swift and skilful workers are hard at it, preparing for our main open-air sports needs—cricket, tennis and bowls.

They work as late as nine or ten o'clock during March, April and May; sometimes, during a big rush, until midnight.

It is well worth while to spend an hour watching a cricket-bat made. What precision, what hairbreadth skill in eye measurement!

Only the wood of first-class, English willow is used for good cricket-bats. It is the white willow, which has for years been grown in the eastern counties of England, and which is now being experimentally planted in the south.

THE very best blades come from the south side of the tree—the sunshine's good for the wood. They are made from "butt pieces"—that is, from wood which is low down, near the earth. The best blades may cost as much as ten shillings in the rough.

At the factory the logs are trimmed and rough-shaped in triangular section. This is done by machines. After that, they are stored away to season until dry.

The rough bats will stay in storage for nine to twelve months. Then they are taken down and pressed. It is this which makes them so stout.

The handle, which has been built up out of a number—anything from eight to fifteen—of fine canes, is cut and then fitted by hand.

See an old-timer fitting handles into blades: he scorns to use any mechanical device and cuts his handles so accurately that they need no pegging or dove-tailing—a perfect joint.

The bats are then brought to their final exquisite shape by hand—a highly skilled job, this. Then the string is wound round the handle in about fifteen seconds.

All these workers serve a long apprenticeship and are regarded as specialists. And they certainly earn their money—especially when one remembers that some of them do not work full time all the year round.

They are all men working on cricket-bats; but, in another room, you will see a number of girls turning out cricket-gloves and leg-guards.

SOME will be cutting out the canvas; others placing the cork or cane strips in the seams, which another girl has just sewn. And others are filling in behind the canes with stuffing.

If you want to see cricket-balls made you must take a trip to Tonbridge, some thirty miles from London. This delightful little Kentish town has been for years the national centre of the cricket-ball industry.

The work is highly skilled, and a number of Tonbridge families have worked at nothing else for generations.

They are accommodated in a number of smallish workshops. Apart from the ovens for baking, there is practically no plant, as this is essentially a hand process.

The men work in squads of about five. One will take the "core" of the ball, a piece of cork, and work some worsted round it. This is then placed in a cup-shaped vice.

The core is pounded until its size is reduced. Then more worsted is added, and again it is pounded, and so on until the central block is hard.

In the meantime another man has been cutting out quarters of leather for the cover, while another has been sewing them together to form halves.

Then comes the job of sewing the cover round the ball. To do this they hold the ball in the vice between their knees, then they put on the two halves and squeeze the ball until it is nearly flat.

They can then stitch the first seam, for the edges are overlapping. Some job, requiring great strength!

Then the balls are re-cupped to bring them back to normal shape.

Until sixteen or seventeen years ago, THEY work the... you may play—... "See an old-time... fixing handles in... blades" ... and... the lightning... "stringer"

the Tonbridge ball-makers were grievously underpaid. Later, however, they formed a union, and now wages stand at from £3 10s. to £4 per week.

Those bowls that father rolls so skilfully across the green: they are made—if they be the best—of a tropical wood, *lignum vitæ*, or guaiacum, a very hard wood, obtained from the Bahamas and other tropical parts.

The best sets are always made from the same log, so that they will be equal in density and weight. Specialist turners are busy now turning them by hand, and parties of girls are giving them their final polish.

You ought to see the "stringers"—the lads who thread the gut through the frames of tennis-rackets. They work so fast that your eye can hardly follow, but it is all hand-work.

Stringers can make as much as £6 or £7 weekly, but they find it hard to get work in the off-season.

They draw the gut through the frame and then tauten it by pulling with all their strength. They have to wear a thick, leather pad on their hand or the gut would cut them to the bone.

Usually the tennis-racket maker does not bend his ash-staves himself; they are steam-bent by another firm. The stave is 5½ ft. long before bending.

The racket-frame is then left to season. Then the wedge is driven in the triangle at the bottom of the round.

The worker just looks down the handle to see whether it is true. He trusts his eye, and would scorn to use a template.

ONCE the inset is glued in, it is put away for twenty-four hours with six clamps on it to hold it straight.

Then comes the drilling of the frame for the stringing—again all done by eye and hand measurement.

Upstairs, a small army of girls are plastering the handles, to fill in the grain, and polishing.

Everywhere, in the games factories, you will sense the rush—the scurrying to get orders made up for the spring and summer demand.

Race with Silver Ring

My EASTER EGG

THE men for whom I feel really sorry at Easter time are the inside racing journalists, particularly the men on such a paper as the *Sporting Life*.

While the masses are on holiday the men who see that the racing details are presented in readable fashion are literally snowed under with wires.

The "Calendars" just published inform me that on Bank Holiday I can visit any one of eighteen meetings.

Kempton, Newcastle and Birmingham stage flat-racing.

The jolly old jumpers will be on view at Manchester, Carlisle, Cardiff, Torquay, Wetherby, Market Rasen, West Norfolk, Herefordshire, Towcester, Huntingdon, Wincanton and Eridge.

And, just for luck, Ireland presents three programmes.

As I should need a fleet of aeroplanes to enable me to visit a few of the meetings scheduled, I intend to narrow my activities to Kempton Park, where the Queen's Prize will be decided.

I have earmarked Arctic Light, one of the "Lincoln" field, for this event.

At Plumpton this week-end Tees Head and Dunshaughlin may provide the holiday expenses.

JOHN BULL reaches every corner of the globe. I understand that an advertisement in our pages of the well-known firm of commission-agents, Messrs. Cope and Maurice, caught the eye of a reader in the Straits Settlements.

He cabled off £120 to win on Grakle at S.P. Lucky man!

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, April 2, to Wednesday, April 8.

B X O R F E J L S W T A N G Q C
P C V Z I H U M D Y 73 74 75 76 77

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

76Z7479MH would read GRAKLE.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. Example:

IHZ27475D would read FERRANS.

"SILVER RING."

KIA-ORA

LEMON OR ORANGE

SQUASH & CRUSH

prices reduced

. . but still the same quality—still the same fine fruit gathered from our own trees in the sunny groves of Messina; crushed on the spot at the moment of perfect tree-ripeness. A small saving in production costs, all this, and more, passed on to you, enables a reduction in price.

REDUCED PRICES

Bottle (*Squash*) } 1/11
Decanter (*Crush*) }
Full-half size . . 1/-
(*Prices in Gt. Britain*)

Made by KIA-ORA Ltd. London.

"I use Kissproof lipstick because it *is* kiss-proof"

says beautiful
Myrna Loy,
the famous film star
with the lovely lips.

See Myrna Loy's Kissproof lips in "Under a Texas Moon," "Cock o' the Walk," "I love us like that," etc. (Warner Bros. Productions.)

"When I'm acting," Miss Loy explained, "I must have a lipstick that stays on. As you can imagine," she added, laughing, "those long screen embraces are ruinous to most lipsticks, but I find that Kissproof stays on through it all. Besides, it's such a gorgeous colour."

Kissproof Lipstick comes in four shades. Prove for yourself how it stays on. Here's the way:—

SEND 6d. FOR KISSPROOF ONE MINUTE MAKE-UP KIT.

A make-up kit in dainty case for your handbag or dressing table. Contains lip and cheek rouge (a new, indelible colouring), the famous Kissproof powder which stays on hours longer, and Delica-Brow Lash and Eyebrow Dressing which does not smart. A special limited offer, so send coupon to-day. Only one kit per person. (*Offer applies in British Isles only.*)

SPECIAL OFFER COUPON—Post To-day.

Thos. Christy & Co., Dept. R.2.M.,
4-12, Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.4.

For 6d. enclosed (postal order or stamps) send me Kissproof One-Minute Make-up Kit as outlined above. I use—Flesh, Rachel, Ivory Face Powder. (Mark which.)

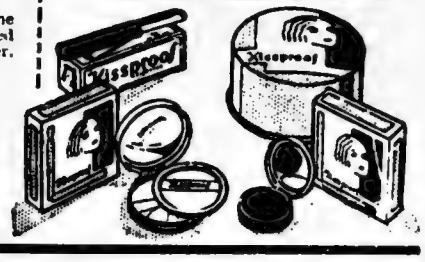
Name.....

Address.....

Kissproof
REG. TRADE MARK

Kissproof Cosmetics at chemists, hairdressers and department stores.
Lipstick – 1/- and 2/-, in four shades
Lip and Cheek Rouge – – – 2/-
Face Powder, 1/- and 2/-, in three shades
Delica-Brow (Liquid or Cake), 3/-, in black and brown.

The New Kissproof Packing



PLAYER'S DIGGER

SHAG

also

DIGGER HONEY DEW
DIGGER FLAKE
DIGGER MIXTURE
DIGGER CUT PLUG
DIGGER BLACK CUT CAVENDISH

7½d. PER OUNCE

3¾d. PER HALF OUNCE

The largest Sale of any Tobacco Grown within the Empire

P.D.1a

What is your Blood Pressure?

Towards middle-age, the arteries usually begin to harden. Blood circulation is impeded. Consequently the heart must work at high pressure to *force* the blood round the body. If this condition is allowed to continue, the inevitable result is heart weakness and, only too frequently, heart-failure.

Therefore keep your Blood Pressure down by keeping your Arteries young!

Closely observed clinical tests have proved that a course of 'PHYLLOSAN' brand of chlorophyll tablets not only "keeps the arteries young," but also *rejuvenates the arteries by restoring their natural elasticity.* As a result, blood pressure becomes normal and the heart is relieved of its burden of overwork.

At the same time, a course of 'PHYLLOSAN' brand tablets has a profoundly fortifying effect upon the heart muscle itself, and increases all physical and vital forces of the body, *irrespective of age!*

'PHYLLOSAN' brand tablets contain no deleterious drugs, no strychnine, no quinine, no animal extracts, and have no unpleasant after-effects. Just two tiny tasteless tablets three times a day before meals. So simple, yet we believe the results will astonish you. Get the 5/- size. It contains double quantity.

Start taking 'PHYLLOSAN'

brand of chlorophyll tablets — Regd.

TO-DAY!

To revitalise your Blood, rejuvenate your Arteries, correct your Blood Pressure, fortify your heart, strengthen your Nerves, and increase all your Vital Forces——*irrespective of age!*

All Chemists, 3/- & 5/- (double quantity)

'PHYLLOSAN' is the brand of chlorophyll tablets prepared under the direction of R. BUERGI, M.D., Professor of Medicine at Berne University. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture.

Send Coupon

or a postcard, to

FASSETT & JOHNSON, LTD. (Sole Distributors) (Dept. 47) 86 Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.1.

Please send me a free copy of the book entitled "The Most Wonderful Substance in our World," describing Dr. Buergi's researches and the remarkable results obtained with 'Phyllosan' brand tablets.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Use unsealed envelope, with ½d. stamp. J.B., 4/4/31.

Issued by Natural Chemicals, Ltd., London.

SYDNEY A. MOSELEY *on—*

The Radio—BOGEY VAN

SOME three million people in the British Isles with radio sets pay ten shillings a year to the Post Office for a licence. At least another two million pay nothing.

That, at any rate, is the contention of the Post Office radio detectives, who are waging war against these "pirates of the air."

In this war they have commissioned two innocuous-looking "mystery ships," one for the North and one for the South.

I travelled in one of these vans along the highways and by-ways of London. We attracted no notice at all.

It is an ordinary, commercial-looking van, painted green.

But although it may be plain-looking outside, inside there is a veritable box of tricks—compasses, receiving-sets of all powers, a wheel operating the aerial, maps, gauges, heterodynes, and a whole collection of scientific apparatus which would be the envy of every young amateur.

Anti-air"craft"! Before the pirate-chasers set out; an official demonstrates to the author how the "bogey-vans'" equipment tracks down the offender

Sighted!

The van, pursuing an even course south towards Brixton, suddenly begins its operations.

The eyes of the detectives glisten with excitement. We are on the trail of our quarry.

A switch of the wheel, and the aerial is in position. It reminded me very much of the mystery ships on the look-out for submarines.

In a moment it was "action stations," and within ten minutes, by a careful and clever process of calculation, we had located the street where the trouble was.

On the morrow two innocent-looking young men would make tactful enquiries, until Mr. Pirate Jones or Brown was run to earth.

Now, everyone is asking: How is it possible to run a pirate to earth?

Without giving away all the secrets, I may say that primarily the "hush-hush" van—or to give it its official title, the Direction-Finding Van—sets out to combat electrical interference.

For instance, there is a motor-shop whose engines are creating a nuisance.

There is in another street an accumulator-charging depôt which, instead of being of use to industry, is putting up the back of Mr. Serious Searcher, who has saved up and bought a "posh" set, and finds that all he can get is the noise of this storage depôt.

Then there are powerful lifts which create interference.

Post-office invasion

What the pirate-detecting van does is to go along, seek out these people, help them to put matters straight, and beg of them to use some anti-interference device, which, by the by, the officials maintain they should be compelled by law to use.

In the course of these enquiries it comes out that Mr. So-and-So round the corner has a three-valve or a four-valve set for which he pays no licence-fee.

Help by letter is also afforded to the detectors, for the pirate gets no sympathy from the man who pays his licence in a straightforward manner.

The surprising part of this campaign is the universal fear in which the "bogey van" is held in all parts of the country.

The South van has just returned from a secret tour of inspection in the country.

Comparing notes with its twin up North, it is found that in Leeds and Bradford four thousand people took out licences as soon as they heard the "bogey van" was in the neighbourhood of Newcastle.

Naturally, I endeavoured to discover which part of the country was the most piratical. The answer was "Belfast and Northern Ireland." Only thirty-eight wireless receiving licences per 1,000 of the population have been taken out in Belfast.

The ultra-respectable town of Bournemouth lives up to its reputation, with no fewer than 154 wireless licences per 1,000 of the population. This tops the list, but even here there are backsliders.

West Yorkshire, according to the Detector Department, is one of the offending districts.

Wales recently complained that it wanted more broadcasting facilities—but Cardiff has issued only fifty-five licences per 1,000 of the population.

In the words of Mr. E. A. Bailey, who is, so to speak, chief detective in the Post Office mystery ship, "there are probably more people in Cardiff pirating than in any other part of the British Isles—Northern Ireland excepted."

Nevertheless, the visit of the vigilant van resulted in many people in South Wales paying up, particularly in Cardiff and district, Barry, Porth, Aberdare, the Rhondda Valley and Treherbert.

A fine, and—

You might think that these visits would be paid in an atmosphere of secrecy. But the contrary is the fact. The Post Office wants people to see the van with its distinctive colour and its circular frame aerial.

Lots of people imagine that the van does not exist; but that it really does exist many pirates of the air have learned to their cost.

The amount of the fine may be anything up to £10, but the actual penalty does not end at that—there is the general contempt and derision of the pirate's neighbours when he is caught.

Ruthless!

Mr. Bailey described how they pin down an offender:

"We generally take bearings from several points, and then, with our powerful direction-finding apparatus, narrow down the point of detection until we, so to speak, surround the offending point.

"We sometimes search big areas, district by district, street by street. This may take some weeks, but in the end we are able to bear on and locate the position of the set, portable or otherwise.

"As a result of an inspection of licences which usually follows these visits, many prosecutions have resulted. In Cardiff recently there were sixteen summonses for failing to produce licences on demand.

"Sometimes people won't answer the door when we know they are in. That is almost an admission on the face of it. So the next day, or next week, we go back without the van, and then are admitted."

Listen to this, also from Mr. Bailey:

"Scotland came very well out of the van raids. Aberdeen, of all places, had an exceptionally good figure—seventy-seven licences per 1,000 population, the third highest in the kingdom."

And remember—

One word of caution: when a demand is made for the inspection of licences, householders should first of all demand in turn to see the authority for the inspection.

No money should be given, even to an official of the Post Office, at the door. Wireless receiving licences can be obtained only at the post-office.

Selling SUNSHINE

There is no need to wait for sunshine while the "Passing Show" puts beams on every face.

If you have not the pleasure of being one of its readers, a splendid opportunity awaits you, as you will see on page 14.

New!

CADBURYS

¼ lb. BLOCKS

A ¼-lb block of Bournville Plain Chocolate for only 4½d.!—that is what this new Cadbury packing gives you. You owe this welcome novelty to Cadbury's policy of passing to the public without delay the benefit derived from decreases in raw material costs, from great increases in sales, and from the consequent reductions in manufacturing costs.

SAME VALUE AND QUALITY AS IN THE ½ LB. BLOCKS

BLUE LABEL
FYFFES
BRAND

BANANAS

Economy. Flavour. nourishment & health — all in ripe bananas

No other fruit and few other foods give you so much for so little money as the ripe banana.

Your own doctor will tell you that the ripe banana is rich in food value, very easily digested and wonderfully good for you.

Make sure your bananas are ripe. Ask for Fyffes and insist on the Blue Label

ELDERS & FYFFES, LTD.

Post your Films to Will. Rose

AND GET "MAGNA PRINTS"

(The prints that are magnified)

4½" x 3" from a Brownie size 2½d. each
3½" x 2½" ,, Vest Pocket ,, 2d. each.
(Developing 6d. per spool as usual.)

AN ENTIRELY SUCCESSFUL PROCESS

'MAGNA PRINTS' mark the biggest advance for many years in developing and printing for the Amateur. They will be returned in a few hours. You need not pay in advance.

'MAGNA PRINTS' (Reg'd) can be obtained only from WILL R. ROSE,
Chester:
23, Bridge St. Row.
Oxford:
133-134, High Street.
Cheltenham:
25, Promenade.
And over 60,000 receiving stations — your nearest pillar-box is one of them.

Write for List J.B. of my complete photographic service.

For TONE VALUE from your Records use

KIRBITONE

and save the irritating scratch and wooliness inseparable from imperfect needles. Your Record Dealer will supply.

Made in England by:

KIRBY BEARD & Co., Ltd.,
Birmingham, London & Redditch.
Needle Makers since 1743.

OVERALLS MADE OF TOUGH DUNGAREE

"Stout fellas" these Lybro Easy-fit Overalls! They score because they're made perfect in the most important part—the dungaree. It's not ordinary dungaree—but a specially processed material made for Lybro, which is anti-shrink and wear-proof. You can buy these famous overalls everywhere.

Your outfitter sells "Lybro Easy-fit" Overalls in blue or brown. Make sure they are genuine by seeing the RED BUTTON stamped "Lybro Brand" Price 6/6

"Lybro Easy-fit" Jackets - - 5/11
"Lybro Easy-fit" Trousers - - 5/11
"Lybro Easy-fit" Boiler Suits - 9/11

If unable to obtain write to Workwear Ltd., Mount Vernon, Liverpool, asking for name of the nearest supplier.

Cut for Comfort—Made for Wear

LYBRO EASY FIT OVERALLS

31.2.cvs.

BUILD UP THE CONSTITUTION OF YOUR CHILDREN

COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA, MEASLES, and other complaints which are so prevalent at this time of the year tax the strength and vitality of children to such a degree that it becomes necessary to assist Nature in recovering health.

GIVE

Roboleine

— The Food that Builds the Body —

The results obtained from Roboleine are described by mothers and doctors as marvellous and miraculous.

Children who are mere skin and bone instantly start to gain weight after a few doses. Lost appetites return, digestive troubles disappear, good red blood is made, firm flesh formed, and the improvement maintained until complete health is restored.

OF ALL CHEMISTS

GENEROUS 12-DOSE SAMPLE

OPPENHEIMER, SON & CO., LTD., Clapham Road, LONDON, S.W.9.

Please send me a 12-dose sample. I enclose 3d. in stamps for postage and packing. (Use block letters.)

Name .....

Address .....

J.B.3. .....

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

A TALE OF Two Widows

A secret key to unlock the Workhouse Gates

AN elderly woman in straitened circumstances, I am head of the most respected family in the small provincial town where I live.

My married life was unhappy. My husband, a joiner and builder, with a large county connection, was a handsome and popular man. This led him into a gay set, and finally he took to drinking.

When at his worst he was desperately reckless in his business deals. He had, moreover, the tiresome habit of running contra accounts, so that he never knew how much cash he really had or whether he was solvent.

When he was sober he would complain that some of his fellow-tradesmen took advantage of this. One in particular, a man who supplied upholstery and trimmings used in the undertaking part of our business, consistently overcharged.

We knew that we were debited with items we had never received, but by the time my husband discovered the fact it was impossible to prove.

My family, two girls and four boys, were more than enough for my strength, and I had little time for anything but to attend to them.

Tragedy, stark and sudden, came one day when a messenger arrived to inform me that my husband had fallen through a skylight and had been picked up dead.

THE next few months were a nightmare. Looking back, it seems one hideous dream of bills, accounts rendered, lawyer's fees, and selling and surrendering.

One night I was sitting in my room alone, looking at the last batch of accounts to be gone through.

These were from the widow of the man whose overcharging I have alluded to. He himself had died from heart failure some time ago, and his widow was now running his drapery business.

The total was £175, against which some building repairs by my husband to the creditor's premises had to be written off.

I went through the items, and as I did so my heart sank. My neighbour had made a mistake. The total came to over £300.

It was the last straw. If I paid this account now, and the law would demand that I did so before I inherited a farthing's worth from my husband, I should be ruined.

FINALLY I made my decision. My neighbour was as easy, extravagant and unbusinesslike as her husband had been keen. I took the risk and paid her the account she demanded.

My children grew up a credit to me. One girl married a farmer, and the other is wife of the minister of the chapel, where two sons are trustees and the others are deacons. All the boys are moderately comfortable in their different trades.

I have just enough to exist on, yet the widow whose careless book-keeping I took advantage of is worse off than myself.

Her fortunes have gone down until last week she was taken to our county workhouse. The agony this gave me you can guess. Yet what can I do?

I have no possible means of repaying her that £100 or more, and if I confess and ask my sons to do so, will not the whole fabric of respectability I have so laboriously built up, and especially their belief in "dear, self-sacrificing mother," as they call me, tumble in horrid ruins?

"HUMANIST" says: It is very seldom that I condone wrong-doing in any shape or form, or suggest a way for the wrongdoer to escape censure, yet an exception may be made in your case.

You were tried almost beyond human endurance, and I think, in consideration of that fact, the case will be met if you call a family conclave.

Say that it occurred to you to go through all the old accounts, and that you find a terrible mistake has been made.

If your sons are worthy of the positions they hold in the local chapel, they will see that your widowed neighbour is immediately repaid.

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

FAMILY VAMPS

who prey

WHEN mother died I found myself left with her furniture and two or three hundred pounds to face the future. I am just thirty years of age, and having done nothing all my life except housekeeping and waiting upon my widowed mother, I naturally turned to a similar job for the future.

I secured the lease of a small house in a seaside town, furnished it, and advertised for paying-guests.

I had no applications at the beginning, as it was autumn when I opened; but first an uncle, and then an aunt, and even a married cousin with children would come along.

These self-invited guests always worded their letters ambiguously, as "I see you have rooms to let. . . . I have been run down and could do with a change. Could you put me up, say, from Friday until Tuesday?"

More subtly, my aunt would refer to the "happy holiday your dear mother spent with us when she was able to get about. . . . May I, my dear, pay the return call now?"

Perhaps I have not been firm enough in stating that terms were the same for relatives as for strangers, but I find my rooms continually occupied by relatives who never pay a penny.

If they bring me a gift, say, of butter and country eggs, they think they are entitled to enjoy seaside recreations as long as they wish at my expense.

My dreams of making a living in the little boarding-house are fading. How can I set matters right?

"HUMANIST" says: You are being incredibly foolish. Tell your relatives quite plainly that you have opened the house in order to make a living, and if they do not pay proper rates for their board and lodging they must go.

You had far better make enemies of your sponging relatives than turn yourself into a bankrupt by giving in to their selfish exactions.

THE TOMB-HOUSE

has tentacles

A YOUNG man in the early twenties, I have always lived at home in the village where I was born. As our family is large, father has always held that it provides us sufficient companionship without troubling about anyone else.

After leaving school at fourteen, I took a course in mechanical engineering at a college in a town near by.

I cycled to and from the classes, and the journey prevented me making any close friendships.

In the village everyone knows everyone else, and the discussions about everyone's private affairs so annoy dad that he keeps himself, like an oyster, in his own shell.

This would not matter if it concerned only himself, but he insists upon every member of the family doing the same.

Since mother's death this recluse business has become an obsession. The house is tomb-like. No one dares to make a noise or speak in natural tones.

The girls must not talk to boys in the street or there is trouble. The only conversation consists of fault-finding and grousing.

The result is that I, the eldest, find myself without friends. I have developed what I believe is known as "an inferiority complex," because, if by chance I am thrown into company, I am consumed by dread of doing something socially wrong and making a fool of myself.

"HUMANIST" says: You are acting like a baby instead of a man. Instead of analysing your father's temperament, get out into company and join in with the ordinary social activities of the place.

If your work allows it, it might be all to the good if you left home and arranged to lodge elsewhere.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund

The Pawned Violin

"Mum's wedding ring has gone"

"DAD lost ten days' work owing to mum being ill with fever and blood poisoning," states the thirteen-year-old boy whose photo is given. "Also dad had an accident previous to this, and I know he is not earning enough to continue my violin course and study for my accountancy position, which is my ambition, as I won a scholarship.

"The rent is mounting up, and the furniture will be taken, as the payments are overdue.

"Mum's wedding-ring has gone, and many other things. Dad is still paying the doctor for mum, and he has had to pay for her operation.

"Also, my little brother and I were both down with 'flu, so poor dad is in debt, and he is doing his best to keep the home fires burning.

"Dad has been told to cease work, and have an operation, but he must not give way, or else all is lost."

True enough, among dad's pawntickets is one for the boy's violin. First, the lessons at 1s. a week had to be dropped for want of funds; then the violin had to be pledged, and the boy has had to abandon his beloved music.

He and his brother are clever, hard-working lads.

Their father had worked up a window-cleaning round on which he managed to support his family, until he was compelled to give up to nurse his wife.

Easter is a time for joy, and our readers, we know, will like to bring happiness to this window-cleaner's family, besides many more families who are depressed and joyless.

All subscriptions, whether sent earmarked for this family or not, should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Lists of donations can be seen at our offices, and a copy of the current week's list will be sent on application. Subscriptions are also acknowledged by post where names and addresses are given.

HEALTHY LEGS FOR ALL!

DON'T SUFFER FROM CIRCULATORY DISEASES

Remarkable Results of New Blood Treatment!

Free From Torturing Piles After 30 Years' Suffering.

The supply of Elasto recently used by me has proved to be the best of all the remedies I have tried. It gets to the spot in twenty-four hours; the free sample alone had that effect, but the larger quantity had a wonderful result.

For nearly thirty years I have had piles in their most painful, complicated and inconvenient form, and despaired of ever being free from the attendant suffering and depression. Then Elasto came to my aid and cured me.

I am sending this letter as a message of hope to other sufferers.

(Signed) A. W. Jones,
76, Patshull Road, Kentish Town, N.W.5.

Now Free from Pain After 30 years of Agony.

Having suffered from varicose veins for thirty years I cannot tell you how grateful I am for Elasto. I was in such terrible pain I had had no rest for about three weeks when I decided to give Elasto a trial. My husband and friends soon saw a difference in me and I persevered with the treatment. Now I do not wear bandages, I do not feel any pain and can walk as well as ever I did. Should you think this letter would encourage other sufferers I would like you to use it as I feel so grateful for what Elasto has done for me.

(Signed) Mrs. ELLIOTT,
53, Western Road, Maidstone, Kent.

Had to Give up Work.

Owing to an ulcer in the tread of my foot, I suffered great pain and agony in walking or standing. I had to give up my work and earned nothing for two years. I tried everything that was suggested, and spent pounds, without result. Then I saw Elasto advertised to cure through the blood (quite a new thing to me). I tried it, and persevered with it, with the result that I am now cured, and able to work again. My advice to any sufferer is "give Elasto a trial; I am sure it will cure you."

Yours gratefully,
(Signed) A. S. BOWDEN.

YOU NATURALLY ASK "What Is Elasto?"

ELASTO is something new to curative science; it is based on the knowledge that varicose ailments and relaxed conditions generally, with their numerous developments and widely varied symptoms, are *deficiency diseases*; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain *vital constituents of the blood*.

Owing to this lack, the body is unable to evolve the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein walls and the membranes in healthy condition, and a varicose or relaxed condition results.

Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements that combine with albumen to form elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to effect a cure in a perfectly normal manner.

There is no chance-work about Elasto; it brings into play Nature's own laws of healing. Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell food which *must be present in the blood to ensure complete health*. It is prepared in tiny tablets, to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the least costly and the most effective treatment ever devised.

Elasto conquers varicose veins, ulcers, eczema, psoriasis, phlebitis, thrombosis, muscular weakness, swollen legs, inflamed wounds, gout, rheumatism, neuritis, and all those troubles generally known as bad legs.

Elasto also conquers piles, prolapsus, varicocele, hardened arteries and glands, arthritis, sciatica, lumbago, and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.

Send for FREE Sample

Elasto Treatment is fully explained in a Special Free Booklet which we will gladly send privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it! Or send 5s. for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto Blood Treatment makes!!

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO. (Dept. 15.R), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Elasto Will Save You Pounds

CURES THROUGH THE BLOOD

"Puts the razor on its mettle!"

"You're looking blue about the chin, John . . . . ." "Yes, but what can you do with a beard like mine? . . . . . " "But my dear John, my hair is also black, my beard is stiff . . . . yet gaze upon my soft, smooth, hair-free chin. I'll give you a tip. Gibbs Shaving Cream. Positively epoch making! Magnificent lather that puts the razor on its mettle. Glorious shave . . . . delicious . . . . Oh! we're off . . . . so long!"

The train steamed out, otherwise he might have added that Gibbs Shaving Cream is always the same, Winter or Summer. A perfect cream that bursts into huge billows of heavy non-drying lather; that instantly softens the beard and makes easy work for the razor. He certainly would have mentioned the Cold Cream content of Gibbs that gives such luxurious after-shaving effects. Just like a cold cream massage! Buy a tube to-day!

Gibbs Shaving Cream

In Tubes 1/- and 1/6

FREE!

10 day Trial Tube.

So confident are we that Gibbs Shaving Cream will surprise and delight you, that we offer this generous sample free.

SEND THIS COUPON

To D & W. Gibbs, Ltd.,
(Dept. 106V), Cky Soap Works, London, E. 1.

I'd like to try your new Shaving Cream. Please send me a free trial tube. I enclose 1½d. stamp to cover postage.

Name.....

Address.....

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THE ALL-STEEL BICYCLE

Once you try a Raleigh you will never go back to an ordinary bicycle. So effortless to ride, so perfectly balanced, making cycling a joyous glide at all times. The only bicycle in the world built entirely of steel and guaranteed for ever.

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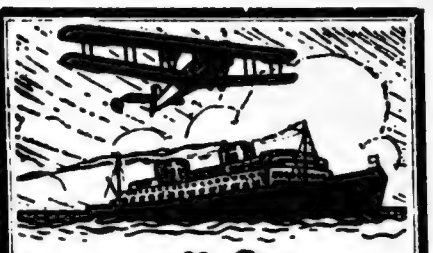
THE RALEIGH CYCLE CO., LD., NOTTINGHAM.



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Guaranteed to RELIEVE

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1/3, 3/-, 5/-, 12/-, 24/- per bottle, obtainable at Boots, Taylors, Timothy White's, Selfridge's, Gamage's, Harrods', and all Chemists and Druggists. Send 1/3 for your first bottle and full particulars of our unique Insurance Scheme.

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They offer the most generous terms.

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Fourteen lists to pick from.

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& ALFRED H. MAURICE, Ltd.
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227, BATH ST., GLASGOW, C.2

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

I WOULD certainly include a tax on bachelors. At present they have the laugh of everybody.

With no responsibilities and no one to think of but themselves, they are selfish, unproductive, unpatriotic.

They are causing unemployment by leaving on the labour market women who would be more profitably and happily employed in raising a family.

To tax bachelors over the age of twenty-five would be a just and productive measure.—*B. A. Heath, Brighton.*

Cure

As I believe that most of our troubles, individual and national, are attributable to private land monopoly, I would cure them by imposing a heavy tax on the value of land, increasing the tax every year until all land-rent went into the National Exchequer.

Land of every kind would then become accessible to meet national needs, agriculture would revive, the industrial patient would recover, and the land-rent would equip a fund for extending social services and relieving onerous rate and tax burdens.—*J. Croall, Perth.*

No Dodgers

I would impose two taxes only.

The first would be a tax on all incomes, no matter how small. In the case of wage-earners it could be stopped at the source, as State insurance now is.

This tax would ensure everyone paying his just share, and no more, of the country's expenses.

The second would be a tax on all land, except public parks. Local authorities would receive a percentage to pay for improvements, thus relieving rates and making house-rents cheaper.—*W. R., Smethwick.*

Foreign Yolk

Outgoings are already more than incomings. War loan interest must be reduced by means of a conversion loan.

Existing taxes to remain as they are with the addition of the following duties on imported goods:

Foreign eggs to pay a tax of 3d. per dozen.

All imported soft fruits to pay a duty of 1d. per pound. Imported fruit-pulp a duty of 50 per cent.

All imported market-garden produce to be subject to a nominal protective duty.—*A. Morris, Worthing.*

Sub-Letters

An extra 2s. 6d. in the pound income-tax on ground rents.

An extra 6d. in the pound income-tax on income derived from slum property.

A tax of 2s. 6d. in the pound on tenants protected by the Rent Act and sub-letting at extortionate rents.

A heavier tax on champagne, liqueurs, and other imported luxury drinks.

A tax of 5s. per annum on every house with a name.

Halve the road-tax on omnibuses and charabancs, thus cheapening public travel.

Extend de-rating to all offices, shops and business premises.—*L. G. Willcocks, London, N.*

Tax Axe

Industry is overburdened with taxation and cannot recover under present conditions. I would remedy that by reducing all taxation by 10 per cent.

This bold policy might frighten some politicians. They would predict a big deficit next year, national bankruptcy, and the downfall of everything.

Instead of that, I would expect to see a tremendous improvement in business. More people would be employed, and millions spent on the "dole" could be saved.—*W. Bambrick, London, N.*

Stage Fright

I would reduce income-tax, remove the horse-power duty, and put it on petrol, which would help the motor-car industry.

I would rationalise the whole system of betting and entertainment laws; tax Sunday shows a little more than those on week-days; tax all bookmakers heavily, and foreigners, including stage and film stars, who earn large salaries in this country.—*J. Wilkins, Worcs.*

If I were Mr. Snowden for a day—

A BUDGET I'D FRAME

Penny Post

The abolition of all food-taxes.

Seventy-five per cent. tax on mine royalties. One penny per ton on all coal raised in the country.

The restoration of the penny postage.

A 2s. 6d. yearly tax on domestic pets (the present tax on dogs to remain).

Abolition of the present income-tax system, and the institution of a standardised tax on all incomes over £250.

Luxury commodities to be taxed as at present.—*C. M. J., S. Wales.*

Pussy Tax

Abolish payment to Members of Parliament.

Tax all foreign manufactures and all foreign products where similar can be produced in Britain. Take 10 per cent. of kinema receipts when foreign films are shown; tax cycles, tax cats.

Run sweepstakes on all classic races and license all bookmakers.

Wipe out income-tax on incomes up to and including £400 per annum; increase tax on all incomes over £400 per annum. Co-operative societies to pay income-tax as ordinary business-houses.—*C. J. B., Walworth.*

Call a Lull

Income-tax should be reduced, thus giving our industries a vital stimulant and reducing unemployment.

Civil Services, Navy and Army, cut down to a minimum, and useless bureaucracies swept away.

No increased grants for education and social services allowed for one year, thus helping the nation to recover after such vast expenditures in the past.—*G. A. Watson, Tynemouth.*

Unlock the Land

The landholders (as such) make no contribution to production. Their purpose rather is to extract from the people huge ground-rents, way-leaves and royalties.

Thus, any attempt to find work enriches those who deny men access to the free bounties of Nature.

I would tax land-values, and gradually remove all other taxes (whether direct or indirect) which fall on production.—*O. B. Sweeney, Cheshire.*

* * *

Tax capital invested outside the Empire by people claiming British citizenship.—*T. McNamee, Blackburn.*

Spending departments must be severely rationed, and Supplementary Estimates abolished.—*C. A. Beard, Hove.*

Tax companies paying abnormal dividends and all present free imports.—*L. W., Manchester.*

Reduce rates of interest on War Loans, and utilise all money left in Chancery more than twenty years.—*H. H. S., Leicester.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, April 7.

What Spring Means to Me

EXPERT SELECTIONS

Football Forecasts for April 4

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) DERBY v. Middlesbrough.
**(2) SUNDERLAND v. Manchester U.
(3) ARSENAL v. Chelsea.
(4) BIRMINGHAM v. Bolton.
(5) BLACKBURN v. Newcastle.
(6) BLACKPOOL v. Wednesday.
(7) LEEDS v. Grimsby.
(8) Leicester v. West Ham.
(9) MANCHESTER C. v. Huddersfield.
(10) Portsmouth v. Aston Villa.
*(11) SHEFFIELD U. v. Liverpool.

SECOND DIVISION.

*(1) BRISTOL C. v. Reading.
(2) Bury v. Stoke.
(3) BARNSLEY v. Southampton.
(4) BRADFORD C. v. Preston.
(5) Cardiff v. Wolverhampton.
(6) CHARLTON v. Burnley.
(7) EVERTON v. Bradford.
(8) Plymouth v. Millwall.
(9) Port Vale v. HOTSPUR.
(10) SWANSEA v. Oldham.
*(11) W. B. ALBION v. Forest.

THIRD DIVISION (Southern).

**(1) SWINDON v. Brighton.
(2) BOSCOMBE v. Torquay.
(3) ORIENT v. Crystal Palace.
(4) COVENTRY v. Gillingham.
(5) FULHAM v. Exeter.
(6) Norwich v. Luton.
(7) Q. P. RANGERS v. Bristol R.
(8) THAMES v. Southend.
*(9) WALSALL v. Newport.
(10) Watford v. Northampton.
(11) NOTTS COUNTY v. Brentford.

THIRD DIVISION (Northern).

(1) Hartlepools v. York.
(2) DARLINGTON v. Barrow.
(3) HALIFAX v. Southport.
(4) DONCASTER v. Wrexham.
**(5) GATESHEAD v. Crewe.
(6) Hull v. TRANMERE.
**(7) LINCOLN v. Carlisle.
(8) Nelson v. CHESTERFIELD.
(9) NEW BRIGHTON v. Accrington.
**(10) STOCKPORT v. Rochdale.
*(11) WIGAN v. Rotherham.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

(1) HEARTS v. Dundee.
(2) ABERDEEN v. Falkirk.
(3) AIRDRIE v. St. Mirren.
**(4) CELTIC v. Ayr.
(5) East Fife v. HAMILTON.
*(6) KILMARNOCK v. Hibs.
(7) Leith v. COWDENBEATH.
(8) Morton v. RANGERS.
(9) Partick v. Motherwell.
(10) Queen's Park v. CLYDE.

WINNERS IN CODE

Example Code: Div. I.—2(*H*); Div. II.—11(*H*), 9(*A*); Southern Section—1(*H*); Northern Section—7(*H*); Scottish—8(*A*) would indicate Sunderland, W.B. Albion, Hotspur, Swindon, Lincoln and Glasgow Rangers.

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Division and number will be quoted as above, together with *H* for home team and *A* for away team.

I EAT WHAT I LIKE

thanks to "White Lions"

NO MORE GASTRITIS, ACIDITY and PAIN AFTER EATING

THOUSANDS of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastritis or Gastric Catarrh, Wind, Flatulence, Fullness after Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by Shadforth Acidity Tablets (No. 1077), Popularly known as "White Lions."

This prescription is non-purgative—Avoid fried, oily foods and excess of starchy foods for a few days. Dose—2 Tablets before each meal. You feel easier in five minutes. Note the steady improvement; clean tongue; moist mouth and throat; flatulence vanished; long, sour face replaced by such broad, sweet smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change. **2/6** (144), and **7/-** (432).

Below are some further examples of "SHADFORTH" PRESCRIPTIONS MOST IN USE AT THIS SEASON OF THE YEAR. They will save you many a doctor's bill. Keep them in your medicine chest! In one form or another Shadforth Prescriptions, to-day, are prescribed by the world's best doctors. Mr. Shadforth's reputation as a high-class chemist guarantees the quality of these excellent prescriptions.

NEURASTHENIA

and Nervous Breakdown

Absent-Mindedness, Loss of Memory, Debility, Depression, Lassitude.

You can pull through. Depression, Brain-Fag, Loss of Memory, Debility and Neurasthenia are conditions and not diseases. The **Shadforth Neurasthenia Prescription (No. 470)** acts like magic. You are brighter in an hour and a new man in two days. A proved remedy. Prices: 3/3 (50), 6/- (100), and 17/- (300 tablets). This can be taken alternatively with the Heart Tonic (No. 632). That is to say, take No. 470 for a few days and then No. 632 for a few days, and so on.

(See opposite.)

OBESITY

SHADFORTH TREATMENT (No. 575/DD).

comprises:

(1) Special Compound of Seaweed in pill form to be taken before meals.
(2) Marienbad Salts to be taken in the morning and before meals.
(3) A special Fat Reducing Massage Cream.
(4) A special Ox Gall Soap for removing the fat from the skin.

This simultaneous four-fold attack is remarkably successful, and costs **7/6** (2 weeks' treatment), and **14/6** (4 weeks' treatment).

SLEEPLESSNESS

Whisky at bedtime induces sleep, but it makes your nerves worse. Sleepless souls will find such simple herbs as gentian, hops, valerian, scullcap, and asafetida safer and of permanent value, they soothe the nerves. Your sleep will be as refreshing as if you lived in a hopfield. Dispensed as **Shadforth Prescription (No. 33)** in boxes at **2/6** (50), **4/6** (100 pills).

HEART and Nerve TROUBLE?

PRESCRIPTION THAT ALWAYS BRINGS RELIEF

HEART DISEASE IS RARE; don't be alarmed because you suffer from palpitation or pain near the heart. If it isn't indigestion, it's overstrung nerves. **Shadforth Tonic (No. 632)** (known as "Blue Lion" Fox Nuts) will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart, and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take this tonic, and be normal in a few days. Prices: **2/6** (72), **4/6** (144), **13/-** (432 pills).

This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, heart failure, tremblings, run-down condition, and stops your failing-to-pieces feeling.

BLADDER COMFORT

NO MORE DISTURBED NIGHTS.

Bladder irritation is more troublesome when it disturbs one's sleep. You need the mild, soothing antiseptic provided in Shadforth "Bladder comfort" No. 285. It acts like a charm. It is prescribed for chill on bladder and kidneys, burning, cystitis, prostatitis, leg pains, rheumatism, sciatica, etc. Don't worry yourself into a nervous wreck. Get immediate relief and comfort with the proved remedy: **Shadforth Prescription No. 285.** Prices: **2/6** (50), **4/6** (100), **13/-** (300 pills).

CATARRH

Cold in the Nose Bronchial Cough—Influenza

Catarrh is often the first stage of Bronchitis, Cold on the Chest, Pneumonia, Chronic Winter Cough, Tonsilitis, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Ear, Chest, and Lung Diseases. The **Shadforth Triplex Catarrh Treatment (No. 331/T)** acts like a charm. Considering its efficacy and how often it will save a man being off work for days and weeks, the cost of this world-famed and reliable remedy is very small.
Price **2/9, 4/6, 8/6** and **12/6.**

BACKACHE, LUMBAGO

For backache nothing is better than this tablet, composed of: Potas Nitrate, Colchicum, Methylene Blue, Buchu, Venice Turpentine, Bearberry, Capsicum, Juniper Oil, and Copaiba. This prescription stimulates the kidneys and has a soothing antiseptic effect on the Bladder. The methylene blue kills pain, it colours the urine blue. Dose: 1 or 2 thrice daily. **Shadforth Prescription (No. 40).** Prices: **2/6** (72), **4/6** (144), and **13/-** (432 tablets).

CONSTIPATION AND BILIOUSNESS

Periodical bilious attacks, constipation, sick headache and bowel indigestion indicate a sluggish liver, and for this nothing equals this pill. Take it with each meal and you will soon be better. This is a useful formula to keep in the house for family use. Get it now, and prove its worth. It is known as **Shadforth Prescription (No. 2,000).** Prices: **1/3** (100), **3/-** (300 pills).

SCIATICA-NEURITIS

Painful Nerve-Sheath Inflammation.

All nerve pains, including those of Neuralgia, Colds, Influenza, Headache, Sciatic-Neuritis, etc., are promptly relieved by **"Shadspro,"** the new pain-killer **(No. 283).** This formula is non-purgative, and does not upset the stomach. It quickly relieves pain and renders movement possible. It reduces inflammation and temperature, and kills bacteria. Prices: **2/-** (50), **3/6** (100 tablets).

CRITICAL TIME

WOMAN'S MIDDLE LIFE

TONIC

Just the thing to get you through those difficult years and re-establish your health. A gentle tonic for stomach, heart, nerves, and blood—exactly what your doctor gives you. Does not purge or constipate. Improves appetite and complexion. Removes depression and languor. Gives courage, hope, and a new lease of life. Also the best tonic for anæmic girls and nursing or expectant mothers. Ask for **Shadforth Prescription No. 2,457** the critical time tonic. In boxes at **2/6** (72), **4/6** (144), and **13/-** (432 pills).

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

WORLD'S BEST PRESCRIPTION FOR HEART AND ARTERIES

Don't be alarmed at heart attacks. Live your normal span; palpitation, tremblings, heart attacks, depression, nervousness, insomnia, hardening of the arteries are only serious when neglected. **Shadforth Blood Pressure Reducing Tablets (No. 1,129)** quickly restore the arteries to their youthful vigour. They cost only **2/6** and **4/6.** These steady the heart, strengthen the nerves, and provide the tonic you need. Full directions supplied. Two or three weeks of this treatment will make you feel 20 years younger.

GOUT. RHEUMATISM

SCIATICA, ARTHRITIS.

THE SHADFORTH "TRIPLEX" TREATMENT (No. 74/T)

comprises:

(1) A pill which drives out the uric acid.
(2) A tablet which kills pain and reduces inflammation.
(3) A Rubefacient which stimulates the flow of blood and disperses the pain.

This treatment is excellent for Neuritis, Arthritis, Sciatica and similar pains.

Trial Course, **5/6.** Full Course, **10/6.** Double Course, **20/-.**

LOVELY COMPLEXIONS

Your face and skin are nourished, preserved and beautified by **Shadforth (Medicated) Milk of Sulphur Soap (No. 1054).** Costs **1/3.**

For redness, roughness and blemishes, apply **Complexion Tonic Lotion** after washing, twice daily. Costs **2/9** and **5/-.** Prescription No. 785.

For Acne or Blackheads, Spots, Pimples and Sallow Skin and Dull Eyes, you need internal treatment in addition. This is provided in **Complexion Tonic Tablets.** They act like magic. Prescription 442. Cost **1/9** (72), **3/3** (144), and **9/-** (432 tablets).

More Shadforth Prescriptions that *ALWAYS* Bring Relief.

No. 850. **Psoriasis, Eczema, Scurf, Alopecia (Hair Falling Out). Special Ointment, 1/6 and 4/-.**
No. 930. **Do., do., do. Special Birch Tar Soap for use with No. 850, at 1/-.**
No. 20. **Wrinkle Cream. 1/6 and 3/6 per jar.**
No. 929. **Special Wrinkle Soap to use with No. 20, 1/-.**
No. 896. **Ox Gall Obesity Soap, 1/3.**
No. 1064. **Milk Sulphur Complexion Soap, 1/3.**
No. 1080B. **Special Olive Oil Baby Soap, 1/-.**
No. 801. **Corns, Bunions, Hard Skin. Special Salve at 9d.**
No. 940. **Special Formalin Soap to use with No. 801, at 1/-.**
No. 1126. **Premature Old Age, Gland Weakness, at 6/6 and 12/6** (in tablets).
No. 394. **Piles, at 2/6** (72) **and 4/6** (144 pills).
No. 331. **Cough, Bronchial Catarrh, at 2/6 and 4/6.**
No. 829TX. **Nasal Catarrh Nose Wash Tablets, at 1/6** (50) **and 2/9** (100 tablets).
No. 1108. **Arterio Sclerosis (for Brittle Arteries), 2/6.**
No. 882. **Flatulent Dyspepsia, Gastritis, 1/6 and 2/6.**
No. 1063. **Vitamin Sunshine Tonic Tablets, 2/6, 4/6.**
No. 5651K. **Neuralgia, Old Salts, at 2/6.**
No. 1083. **Special Pile Ointment, 2/6.** (tablets).
No. 615/L. **Hygienic Douche for Women, 2/6** (72 Full formula in plain English and directions sent with each.

All these prescriptions are obtainable post free at these special prices from

SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTION SERVICE, Ltd.,

49 (J.B. 100), King William Street, London Bridge, E.C.4,

and Branches,

Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, Squires, Lewis and Burrows, Gamages, Parkes, and all the best chemists stock, or gladly obtain to order at short notice if requested to do so.

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A Book every "John Bull" reader ought to possess!

The Shadforth book containing dozens of Prescriptions, written in plain English, will be sent Free of charge with your first order.

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With Radiolite Dial 7/6

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The Ingersoll Crown at 5/- is a fine-looking Watch and is still the most remarkable value in the world.

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THE FINEST PEPPERMINT IN THE WORLD

You can buy them at any Confectioners. 6d. per qtr. lb. wrapped and unwrapped.

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WRITE FOR FREE LISTS

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15/- Free Gift Coupon

will be given to all who Write for my FREE CATALOGUE.

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CYCLE WAREHOUSE, No. 24, COVENTRY

ANOTHER HUGE X-WORD PRIZE from JOHN BULL

£1000

AN EXTRA £100 FOR RUNNERS UP

THIS WEEK ONLY

£1,000 for a few words in a few moments. Here is a wonderful opportunity of entering a simple contest with a first prize of £1,000 which Must Be Won and £100 for runners up. Enter this fascinating square and fair X-word Contest NOW—the huge first prize may be yours. You cannot afford to put aside this golden opportunity—fill in the little squares to-day.

EASY TO ENTER

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

CLOSING DATE, THURS. (Noon), APRIL 9th.

"JOHN BULL" will pay £1,000 for a correct solution on one form of "John Bull's" Crossword No. 109. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors whose solutions contain one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. Every reader has an equal opportunity—no competitor may send in more than one Sixpenny double entry—entry fee Sixpence for TWO attempts. No claims required. No entries accepted after Thursday (noon), April 9th. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, April 16th. Winner will be given in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, April 23rd.

Read these Rules and Conditions carefully. Don't run the risk of being late—fill in and post your coupons early.

1.—Complete puzzle **in ordinary ink**, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil; cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee is Sixpence. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd. and cross it /& Co./. Write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in its number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than **noon, Thursday, April 9th.**

2.—No competitor may submit more than one Entry Form containing the two squares. If either of the two puzzle squares it contains is left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered, that one square will be disqualified and the other accepted. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—The result of this contest will appear in the issue of "John Bull" on sale Thursday, April 23rd. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the £1,000 prize, he must demand a Scrutiny by or before first post, **Tuesday, May 5th**, addressing Registered Letter containing £1 scrutiny fee to Competition Editor, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Form and number of P.O. Should such demand prove justified the fee will be refunded and the result amended accordingly. Competitors must accept the result of the scrutiny as final.

4.—No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 cash, the winners of which will be decided according to the result of our careful searches of all entries. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

5.—In the event of a tie the £1,000 prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press, Limited, and members of their families are not eligible.

HOW TO ADDRESS ENTRY.

Send Entry in envelope bearing 1½d. stamp and post to "John Bull" Crosswords (No. 109), 37, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.).

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the newsagent from whom this week's £1,000 winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull" or his copy of "Passing Show," in conjunction with which journal this contest is conducted. Should the First Prize be shared, the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

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'JOHN BULL' CROSSWORD No. 109

Entry Form "A."

JB 109

Do not separate these forms.

Entry Form "B."

CUT HERE

CUT HERE

JB 109

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose 6d. P.O. No.....

These Entry Forms must not be separated and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either ONE OR BOTH entries.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Closing Date, Thursday (noon), April 9th.

CUT HERE

Cut out the above Form complete.

Clues Across.

1. PUSS, PUSS!
3. RESTLESS HORSE DID THIS.
8. DEGRADE.
9. RE-EXAMINE.
11. FEEL YOUR WAY.
13. LARGEST SPECIMENS OF DEER.
16. APPROPRIATE.
17. WAS SEATED.
18. BROTHERS AND ——
20. THESE ARE MOST APPRECIATED WHEN NEW.
21. ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGE.
23. LUKEWARM.
25. HOW MY HORSE CAME IN.
27. "—— WE DOWNHEARTED?"
28. SHELTERED SIDE OF A SHIP.
30. YARD AND A QUARTER.
32. SELF-SATISFIED.
34. ANOTHER FORM OF "YES"
35. ADD UP.
37. USEFUL TO CARD-PLAYER.
38. CONCLUSION.
39. ENCLOSES YOUR GARDEN.
40. CAST AMOROUS GLANCE.

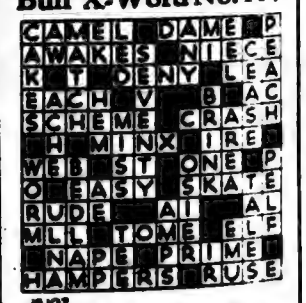
Clues Down.

1. BUSINESS MEN CARRY TO AND FROM CITY.
2. THESE WEARY US WHEN LENGTHY.
3. ASK FOR CHARITY.
4. FARMER GATHERS IN AUTUMN.
5. RETAINED.
6. DAY BEFORE.
7. OFTEN FOUND IN ORCHARDS.
10. SHOW OFF.
12. SCARCE.
14. PALMIST READS.
15. A STEP.
17. CERTAINLY.
19. LEAST YOUNG.
22. ALARMING WHEN IT COMES SUDDENLY.
23. YOU CAN DO THIS TO A LINE.
24. WHERR THE KING LIVES.
25. CLUMSY FELLOW.
26. HAVE CAUSED SHIPS TO SINK IN THE PAST.
29. WEIRD.
31. BAKER SELLS THIS.
33. GOVERNMENT SHOULD GET ON.
36. FARMER TAKES TO MARKET.

Chambers's 20th Century Dictionary and Nuttall's Dictionary (latest editions) were used in compiling this puzzle.

Winners in X-Word No. 108 appear on Page 34.

Solution of 'John Bull' X-Word No. 107



JB 107.

Result will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 107 is given here with as matter of interest to our X-word competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

WHEN YOU HAVE FINISHED THIS X-WORD, TRY YOUR SKILL IN THE "DAILY HERALD" X-WORD NEXT SATURDAY.

ANOTHER £1,000 X-WORD PRIZE NEXT WEEK!

Write to "John Bull" About It!

THE EDITOR REPLIES

R. M. (Coventry).—"A Burnley man recently stood in one position for nine hours forty-two minutes." Some wives have no consideration.

BOXER (Stroud).—"You can always count on me." Yes—up to ten.

N. S. (Batley).—"I planted two acorns in my garden last week." Now be a complete optimist and buy a hammock.

G. E. (Hamptead).—"Editors always return my articles; I wish I could get my own back." Evidently you do.

A. M. (Marlow).—"Post Office assistants are very capable." Girls of the right stamp.

H. D. (Oundle).—"The best way to be happy is to trust people." We wish we could make our tailor believe that.

G. N. (Lancaster).—"I've just ploughed up my lawn." We have a lawn-mower like that, too.

B. T. (Yarmouth).—"A novelist says that in fifty years men will have discarded shirts for good." A good many of us will have done so, anyway.

ALGY (Bournemouth). — "My girl friends simply race to give me birthday presents." So long as the result isn't a tie, you needn't worry.

W. N. (St. Albans).—"I never struck a policeman who could not stand a joke." How do you make sure before you strike him?

P. N. (Westminster). — "One-tenth of the earth is still unexplored." This is good news for those who are worrying about the parking problem.

J. H. (Canterbury).—"I once experienced a blinding dust-storm in the Arizona Desert." Then spring-cleaning should hold no terrors for you.

D. S. (Crewe).—"He wants sixty pounds for his car but I shall offer him fifty." You'll find it hard to drive a bargain.

S. V. (Norbiton).—"Actors must know how to reach the audience." At some plays we have seen, the audience has been anxious to know how to reach the actors.

M. R. (Tenby).—"Who's the likeliest man to beat the bookmaker?" A champion long-distance runner.

MRS. A. (Blackburn).—"Many M.P.s make good husbands." They are used to house work.

P. M. (Kenton).—"I write in praise of the British weather." Are you a plumber?

A. M. (Herne Hill).—"Trained athletes are generally good-tempered." What about cross-country runners?

M. A. (Hackney).—"A boxer should always listen to advice from his corner." Seconds' thoughts are best.

F. K. (Barnet).—"British housewives prefer British eggs." They scorn the foreign yolk.

M. L. (Dundalk).—"Three months among Irish bogs will cure anyone of asthma." But some people prefer asthma.

B. M. (Bermondsey).—"There is to be a statue of Carnera in Italy." Many boxers believe that already he has a marble jaw.

G. T. B. (Hounslow).—"If you are asked to give a speech at a dinner-party, give a speech." Certainly. After all, it's their own fault.

F. K. (Nottingham).—"I have heard of a man who has a rockery made of coal." Perhaps he owns a particularly vocal cat and the rockery was given by angry neighbours.

R. D. (Manchester).—"My brother-in-law has got a job as a thread-buyer at a thousand a year. I wonder how he managed it?" No doubt he can tell a good yarn.

MRS. D. (Coatbridge).—"Is there anyone who does not appreciate a day-off?" Yes, night watchmen.

A. M. (Yeovil).—"English boxers specialise on defence." A boxer's best friend is his smother.

L. P. (Kew).—"You can't sit on a Scot for long." Or on his national emblem.

ROB. G. (York).—"When does a man require a really clean shave most?" Just after his wife has used his razor to sharpen her bridge pencil.

LOVESICK (Matlock).—"She told me she had said 'No' for the last time." Then perhaps she will say "Yes" next time.

M. C. (Ayr).—"A man has held his breath for five and a quarter minutes." But did he succeed in tying his dress bow?

V. R. (Lichfield).—"Do you believe that everything comes to him who waits?" We know it comes sooner to him who tips.

TED M. (Holyhead).—"I notice you never joke about gramophones. Have you nothing to say for them at all?" They speak for themselves.

G. P. (Colne).—"Last month was over before I realised it." Quick March!

R. M. (Ulverston).—"A married man has started from Chicago to run round the world." Who will blame him?

D. K. (Dover).—"It is my aim to please you with these poems." You need a lot of target practice.

N. V. (Bury).—"I believe in paying as I go." But will theatres and kinemas allow this?

M. P. (Clacton).—"I never listen to alarming rumours." Then how do you know they are alarming?

GEORGE (London, W.).—"When I have made my pile I shall get married." And then start all over again.

G. K. (Jarrow).—"A bowler hat is a gift a man appreciates." Ladies, make your presents felt!

PHRENOLOGIST (Leeds).—"Small ears are often a sign of impudence." So are thick ones.

KINEMA MANAGER (Birmingham).—"I think I can easily raise my prices of admission." But can your patrons?

G. R. M. (London, E.C.).—"A number of scientists who have been examining a robot barber say they prefer it to the human sort." It goes without saying.

P. N. (Victoria).—"The approach of a milkman disturbed London thieves at dawn." The early morning milkman would disturb anybody.

HENRY (Smethwick).—"I wish you to record the fact that I have succeeded in jumping eleven feet backwards." Listening at keyholes is risky, isn't it?

L. H. (Glasgow).—"It takes a lot of practice to play the bagpipes well." So far, nobody has got past the practice stage.

S. S. (Lewisham).—"Fat men always push their way through a crowd." The bulk of them, certainly, seems to be in front.

PEDESTRIAN (Brighton). — "Some motorists drive about as though they owned the road." Others drive about as though they owned the car.

MISS D. (Daventry).—"Several wireless lecturers are about to try politics." Others, again, are content to go on trying listeners.

P. M. (Partick).—"A French doctor says that the natural duration of human life is over 100 years." This means that a centenarian would eventually own his car.

CYNIC (Cambridge). — "The most soothing part of a political address is the end." But the intervals that occur when the speaker stops to take a drink of water are also very restful.

MEDICO (Manchester).—"The average specialist will examine you for five guineas." And the average patient would go 50-50 if the specialist could find as much.

C. B. (Hawick).—"A Montreal woman recently delivered a series of talks lasting for over a fortnight." We understand that her husband eventually agreed to go out and mow the lawn.

C. K. (Nuneaton).—"There are statistics in existence which prove that spinsters live longer than married women." While there's hope there's life.

V. M. (Nice).—"Paddling a canoe with ukuleles was one of the events at a regatta here recently." We have always thought that a use would be found for those instruments.

C. H. F. (Reading).—"I could fill a volume with my experiences of life." Prune them down to a few words and your may add a new experience—the thrill of winning *Bullets* £500 on page 35.

BOARDER (London, W.).—"There is a growing tendency among our moustached young men to return to the clean-shaven upper-lip of the war days." We should hardly have called it a growing tendency, ourselves.

G. T. (Hampstead).—"When a procession passed in front of a restaurant recently the entire staff of waitresses remained outside for nearly an hour." We understand, however, that none of the regular customers noticed anything unusual.

(Many replies unavoidably held over).

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service, who will deal with any matter causing anxiety to our readers. Simply send a stamped, addressed envelope with your query.

SIDE-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. In the event of the same "Slip" being sent by more than one reader, the award is paid to sender of the first letter opened. Mark envelopes "Slips."

STAFFORD NEWSLETTER:—"Mr. ——, who possesses a rich baritone voice, BANK 'The Windmill.'"

FOOTBALL ARGUS:—"The WINE proved of great assistance to the home side, and they attacked more frequently."

SCHOOLGIRLS' WEEKLY:—"Pierre, having taken REFUSE from Mr. ——."

SURREY AND HANTS NEWS:—"'I'll lend you my fur CLOCK.'"

RHOS HERALD:—"She leaves a husband and an adopted LAUGHTER."

GOVAN PRESS:—"Two parties were given to which 500 BATHERS were invited without their babies."

BOLTON EVENING NEWS:—"The District Council committed themselves to the extent of £9 for SPURS for the staff at the fire station."

EVENING WORLD:—"Here was a man TASTING tyre pressures."

HALIFAX COURIER AND GUARDIAN:—"Miss —— is the only woman in England to own a GOAT building yard."

"PASSION SEEKERS" (Novel):—"There was a large pipe-rack, containing a dozen or so PIES."

IS YOUR CAR BATTERY READY FOR SPRING?

Winter is a big strain on the battery of your car. Whether from starting a frozen engine, or just from idleness, it suffers. So before your battery is called on for the arduous work that Spring and Summer runs will mean, have it seen to. Ask your garage to send it to the local Exide Service Station for inspection and expert attention. Exide Service Stations can repair any make of battery in two hours. Should it be found that a new battery is needed then insist on an Exide. Go for the pluck and power for which this battery is renowned.

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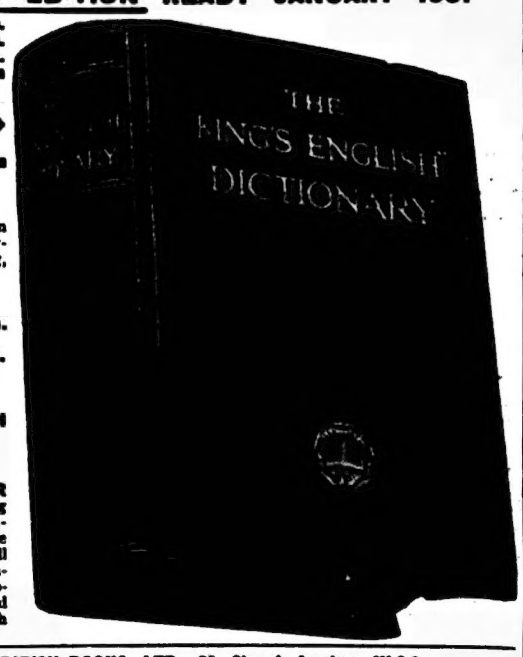
AND
DEFINITIONS OF OVER 150,000 WORDS.



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£1,100
Awarded in "John Bull's" Cross-word Competition, No. 106

In the above competition, solutions containing one error only were received from the following fourteen competitors, who share the £1,000 offered. To each of them subject to the conditions of the contest, a cheque for £71 8s. 7d. will be despatched.

G. Beeson, York Rd. Market—Southend-on-Sea. T. H. Christian, 6, Higher Perthy, Ellesmere, Salop. Miss N. Cook, 19, Raglan St., Southsea. S. H. Haycock, 10, Marine Crescent, Waterloo, L'pool. E. Horstell, 51, Stansfield Rd., Todmorden, Lancs. C. F. Hoyle, 28, Longroyd Place, Longroyd Bridge, Huddersfield. D. J. John, Freystrop, Nr. Haverfordwest, Pembs. C. Kenyon, Scarr Barn Farm, Crawshawbooth, Rossendale. J. S. Macnab, 3, Valleyfield St., Edinburgh. H. Moon, The Avenue, Hamtrook, Chichester. F. Murray, Campbell St., New Milns, Ayrshire. Mrs. H. R. Newton, 9, Brookside Bar, Chesterfield. G. Prior, 19, Raglan St., Southsea. E. Ruff, Fulbeck, Lincoln.

Solutions containing two errors each were received from 85 competitors, who share the Second Prize of £100, each receiving £1 3s. 7d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices.

Another £1,100 X-Word appears on Page 32.

TRY YOUR SKILL NOW!

Covered with Itchy Mattery **PIMPLES**

Ashamed to Face His Friends.

"For three years I was badly disfigured with small, mattery sores and eruptions," says Mr. H. Laundy, of 40, Gerrard Street, Islington, London, N.1. "They spread in countless numbers over my face, neck and shoulders. As one lot dried up fresh patches broke out. I got no rest from the fiery pain and irritation.

"My skin was so unsightly that I had to cover up my face when passing friends. In my search for a cure, I tried over a dozen useless ointments and salves.

Mr. H. LAUNDY.

"I was getting quite disheartened when, through reading another cure, I was induced to give Zam-Buk a trial. The first application of Zam-Buk soothed the pain and did my skin a world of good. As I used more of this wonderful herbal ointment all the mattery sores and eruptions dried up and healed. Zam-Buk has given me a new, clear, healthy skin."

H Laundy

Zam-Buk is unequalled for eczema, piles, ulcers, poisoned wounds, scalp trouble, cold sores, cuts, burns, etc. Rub it in for rheumatism and cold on the chest or back. 1/3 and 3/- (family size). Of all chemists.

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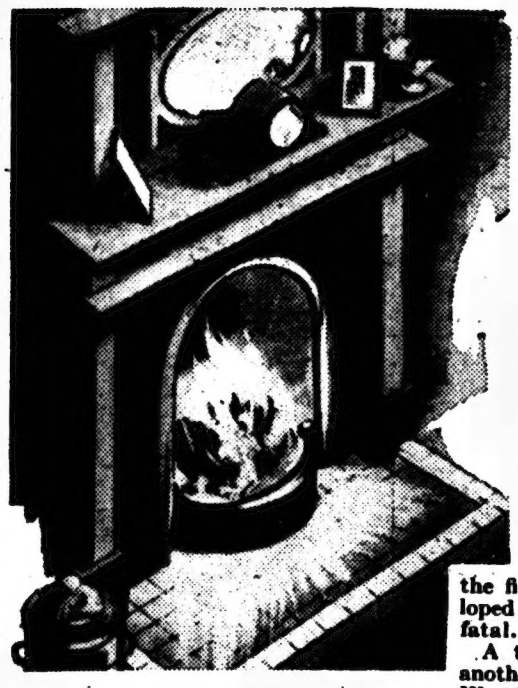

HIDDEN DANGERS *in the* Hearth

ONE of our readers, Mrs. Brown, of 12, Grasmere Road, Handsworth, Birmingham, was repairing a suitcase in front of the fire. She drew too near the flames. In a moment her clothes were ablaze, her burns proving fatal. "John Bull" paid £100.

Mrs. Edwards, 22, Burn Street, Cwmamman, was dusting a picture which hung above the fireplace. Her apron brushed the fire. In a second she was enveloped in flames, her injuries also proved fatal. "John Bull" paid £100.

A third accident in the home, of another nature, caused Mr. Bennett, 4, West Edith Street, Darvel, Ayrshire, to lose his life. On getting out of bed his foot became entangled in the bedclothes. He fell, striking his head against a stove. "John Bull" paid £100.

THREE GRIM TRAGEDIES

HOME ACCIDENTS—£5 each.

We give below the names of a few of our readers who benefit.

HOLT, NORFOLK.—Mrs. H. B. Caley, Field Pailing.
LANGLEY MOOR. — Mrs. J. Hutchinson, 80, Office St., Littleburn.
BLACKWOOD, MON.—Mrs. E. A. Clements, 2, Church View, Woodfieldside.
BLYNAVON.—Mrs. J. Parry, 12, Upper Coed Cae.
NEATH.—Mrs. G. Harris, "Dolwern," Cefn-yr-Allt, Aberdulais.
NEWBURN.—Mrs. J. A. Chapman, Waverley House, Northumberland Gardens, North Walbottle.
READING.—Mrs. S. A. Slade, 70, Mount Pleasant.
RYHOPE, CO. DURHAM.—Mrs. D. J. Jane, 46, Ryhope St.
BROUGHTY FERRY.—Mr. P. Robertson, Waverley Buildings, King St.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. M. Moyle, 304, Adderley Rd., Saltley.
CREDITON.—Mrs. A. S. Trickey, 9, Market St.
HULL.—Mrs. M. E. Rushbrook, 60, Batchelor St.
DARLINGTON.—Mrs. A. Llewellyn, Ashleaf House, Drinkfield.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. J. Dowson, 196, Parker St., Ryker.
WARRINGTON.—Mr. P. Bennett, 104, Pierpoint St.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. H. McLachlan, 141a, Gallowgate.
EXETER.—Mrs. F. E. Pook, Elm Cottage, Cadbury, Thorverton.
STOKE-ON-TRENT.—Mrs. A. J. Hinchliffe, 53, Ward St., Hanley.
WEST BROMWICH.—Mr. E. Wright, 84, Oldbury Rd., Greets Green.
ROCHDALE, LANCS.—Mrs. E. A. Heap, 56, Viking St.
BLACK HILL, CO. DURHAM.—Mrs. M. A. Millhouse, 10, Tinmill Place.
WASHINGTON STATION, CO. DURHAM.—Mrs. R. Hall, 1, Barmston Ferry.
LONDON, S.W.8.—Mrs. S. J. Girling, 15, Radnor Terr., South Lambeth Rd.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. A. King, 165, Main St., Cambuslang.
LONDON, N.1.—Mrs. S. A. Whitbread, 6, Hayman St., Cross St.
NR. PONTEFRACT. — Mrs. F. Wilson, 20, Featherstone Sq., Featherstone.
LYMINGTON, HANTS.—Mrs. A. M. Shepard, 21, Queen St.
OLNEY, BUCKS.—Mr. H. Stanton, 72, Midland Rd.
NR. ABERDEEN.—Mrs. M. Rae, Kincorth, Bridge of Don.
WOLVERHAMPTON.—Mrs. M. J. Weate, 104, Milton Rd., Fallings Park.
GOSPORT, HANTS.—Mrs. F. F. Mitchell, 22, Bevis Rd.
CHADWELL, NR. GRAYS, ESSEX.—Mrs. S. Melling, 63, Scott Rd.
SALISBURY.—Mrs. A. A. Bown, 58, Devizes Rd.
EDINBURGH.—Mrs. A. H. Paterson, 2, Westmoor Close, Newhaven.
BURNLEY, LANCS.—Mrs. M. A. Barnes, 29, Redvers St.
CHESTERFIELD.—Mrs. E. M. Simpkin, 89, Railway Cottages, Staveley Town.
SWANSEA.—Mrs. M. A. Morgan, 18, Crown St., Morriston.
NEEDHAM MARKET, SUFFOLK.—Mrs. M. Brighty, Police Station.
RADLETT.—Mr. C. Wall, Matlock Villa, Cross Path.
MANCHESTER.—Mrs. E. A. Yarwood, 9, Woodland Ave., Hyde Rd., Gorton.
LONDON, N.11.—Mrs. C. E. Homewood, 2, Brunswick Crescent, Brunswick Park.
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Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

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Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

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One Shilling
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This Gift Voucher will be accepted as One Shilling in part payment of the famous "John Bull" Lever Filler 5/- Pen (guaranteed for five years). Only one voucher will be accepted in part payment for each pen.
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"John Bull's" Great Threefold Easter Gift Offer is one that you cannot afford to miss. Here it is:—Cut out Voucher opposite, value One Shilling. Post at once together with postal order for 4/-, plus 6d. to cover postage, packing and insurance (4/6 in all). You will then receive:

(1) A 5/- "John Bull" Pen fitted with 14-carat gold nib;
(2) A 3/6 "Everpointed" Pencil; and
(3) A 24-carat Gold-plated Gillette Razor of the latest pattern.

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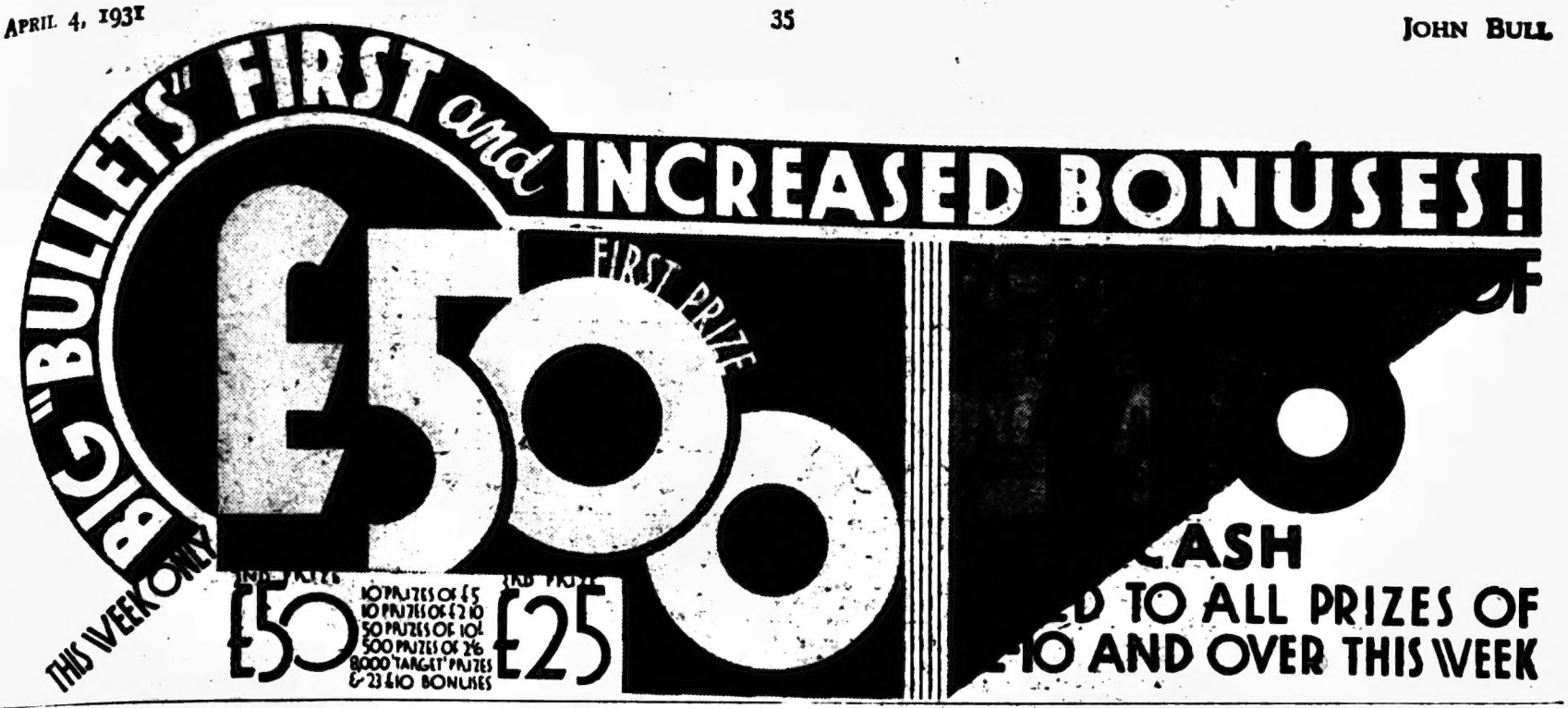

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EASTER leisure is at hand—and here at hand also is an interesting way of turning it to profit. Half-an-hour spent on *Bullets* over the coming week-end can win you over £500!

An added incentive for you to gain a place amongst the 23 chief prize-winners in this week's contest is the increased bonus of £10 cash which will be added to your cheque. Thus, a £2 10s. prize becomes with bonus an award of £12 10s., and the higher prizes will be similarly augmented.

To make a *Bullet* you have only to add any TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* given. As a specimen, suppose you choose the *Example* SPEAKS ALL LANGUAGES, the added words BRITISH QUALITY—NOT SALESMAN would complete a typical *Bullet*.

Study the winners below and you will realise that any of these bright thoughts might well have occurred to you. Then go ahead with your efforts for this week's big contest and see that they reach us by Saturday, April 11.

£712 10s. AND EASTER HAMPERS AWARDED

FIRST PRIZE £500, COMPETITION NO. 796.

Mrs. S. Munro, 80, Church Street, Inverness, N.B.
Example:—AFTER A JOB
Bullet:—"HIGH AND LOW," NOWADAYS.

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. C. Craven c/o Retail Timber Supply, Selby Street, Hull.
Example:—She Had A Husband, But
Bullet:—Also "Sat On" Committees.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. G. Tyrrell, 69, Cromwell Avenue, Chesham, Herts.
Example:—Cheer Up, Britannia.
Bullet:—Lost? Take Youth's Hand!

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

S. L. BARKER, Clows Top, P.F., near Kidderminster.
All Was Quiet Until—Chinese General Suggested Armistice.

W. DAVIDSON, Old Post Office, Eastriggs, N.B.
Modest Income—Hospitals'—*Overtaxed* At Source.

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Rules and Regulations—"Measures" Keeping Us "Tripping."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

G. R. DUCK, 4, Tunmarah Lane, Greengate, Plaistow.
Our Champion — Dressing-gown Makes Better "Display"!

F. GRIFFITHS, 356, Westminster Road, Liverpool.
Our Champion—At Present, *Fills Cot.*

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Pte. J. ROSE, D. Coy., 1st Duke of Wellington's Regt., Aldershot.
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Miss A. GREEN, 17, Providence Lane, Oakworth, Keighley.
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She Had A Husband, But—Tin-opener Put "Lid On."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

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Not Quite Ready—Mosley's Army—Rankers Needed!

Mrs. A. RIGBY, 12, Oakhurst Grove, Westhoughton, nr. Bolton.
While He's Waiting—Gangster Kills A Fly.

Mrs. J. SCOTT, 19, Greenlaw Road, Yoker, Glasgow.
While He's Waiting—For Windfall, Wind Falls.

Mrs. J. B. TAYLOR, 5, Jerningham Street, Stafford
Modest Income—Mine—Every Penny's "Reserved."

P. T. WATT, 11, Lower Granton Road, Leith, Midlothian.
Modest Income—"Drag" Urging Me On.

J. E. WEBB, 36, Villiers Road, Oxhey, Watford.
Perfect Baby—"Picture," "Producers" Always "Exhibiting."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

200 winners of Easter Hampers and 500 of 2s. 6d. can be seen in list form at these offices.

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No 796 will be displayed in the window of A. E. Bakin, Crown Square, Matlock.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES

Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagent from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in "Bullets" No 799 usually purchase "John Bull."

USE THIS COUPON TO SECURE

FREE "BULLETINS"

Our free weekly help for would-be winners is waiting to help you into the prize-list. Make sure of a copy every Thursday by completing this coupon.

I enclose P.O. value 6d. (crossed "and Co.," payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of *Bullets Bulletin*, commencing with next available issue.

Write Name and Address clearly.

*NAME*_____

*ADDRESS*_____

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Post to "Bullets" Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., 19, Short's Gardens, London, W.C.2.

(Do not enclose this coupon with your "Bullets" entry.)

Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 799

RAMSAY'S REMEDY	ENOUGH FOR TWO	THE CENSOR
SPRING IN THE AIR	IN BUSINESS	HOLDING HANDS
BECOMING GREEDY	LOVED BY ALL	HE HAD FRIENDS, BUT
SPEAKS ALL LANGUAGES	VERDICT OF THE COURT	GUILTY CONSCIENCE
THE OLD BRIGADE	GAGGED AND BOUND	HARD TO IMAGINE
WITHOUT MY WIFE	LONELY ROAD	BREAKING THE MONOTONY
POINTS AHEAD	PAINFUL DUTY	FEELING FAMOUS
GOING TO PIECES	UNCHANGED	SLACKNESS
AN OVERDOSE	WHEN DEVIL DRIVES	PAYS BETTER
STEADILY	STILL	"LET 'EM ALL COME!"
ONE AT A TIME	DESPITE ALL DIFFICULTIES	

Example_____ Closing SAT. April 11
Bullet_____

Example_____
Bullet_____

(799) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed_____
Address_____

Example_____ Closing SAT. April 11
Bullet_____

Example_____
Bullet_____

(799) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed_____
Address_____

Example_____ Closing SAT. April 11
Bullet_____

Example_____
Bullet_____

(799) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed_____
Address_____

Example_____ Closing SAT. April 11
Bullet_____

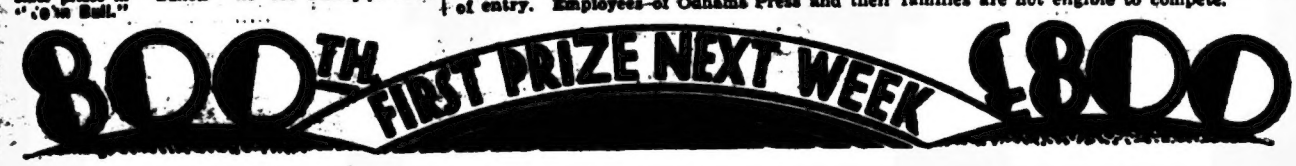
Example_____
Bullet_____

(799) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed_____
Address_____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 799, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.



EPIDEMIC COMPLAINTS ABOUT AGAIN

COLDS, INFLUENZA CHICKEN POX ETC.

KEEP 'ASPRO' HANDY

It is a scientific fact that a medicine which will quickly reduce feverish temperature is an invaluable aid in the treatment of many epidemic complaints such as Influenza, Chicken Pox, Measles, Malaria, Dengue Fever, etc. That 'ASPRO' is one of the *quickest acting* fever dispellers known is a positive fact which has been demonstrated in actual use by thousands of people all over the world. Now that epidemic complaints are about again the obvious thing to do is to have 'ASPRO' at hand for protection. Keep 'ASPRO' in the house and keep feverish complaints out. After ingestion in the system 'ASPRO' is an Antiseptic—Anti-Pyretic or fever destroyer—and an Anti-Fermentative. That accounts for its great variety of uses. 'ASPRO' used as a gargle is a splendid method of protecting yourself against infection.

MORE PROOF FROM USERS

HUSBAND'S FEVERISH COLD STOPPED—"A WONDERFUL REMEDY"

2, Harrison Road,
Leicester.

Dear Sirs,

I am writing to say what a wonderful thing 'ASPRO' is, as I have proved it by my husband. He got up the other morning quite ill with a feverish cold and had to go back to bed. I persuaded him to take two 'ASPRO' tablets, and in less than 2 hours time he was able to get up and go to work, feeling quite a different man. He has never taken any kind of medicine of that description before, as he always said he did not believe in them. Now he has changed his opinion, he says what a wonderful remedy 'ASPRO' tablets are. Yours sincerely,

A. TAYLOR.

CHICKEN POX TESTIMONY

1, North Street,
Greenhithe,
Nr. Keighley.

Dear Sir,

I have been a user of 'ASPRO' ever since they came out, and found them very good for headaches. Chicken pox is raging at the schools just now and the children nearly all start with a headache and very high temperature. I really thought my little boy was commencing with the 'flu. I crushed an 'ASPRO' in a spoon, sprinkled sugar on the top (and mind you the sweet was pouring out of him and he was tossing about all night with headache), but as a result of the 'ASPRO' taken at twelve o'clock at night and again in the morning, he was playing about in the bedroom with the chicken pox well out. Yours truly,

MRS. E. WINDLE.

"WONDERFUL" SAYS NURSE

Melbourne, Nr. Derby.

Dear Sirs,

I have recommended 'ASPRO' to various patients whom I have nursed, and all those who have tried it say how wonderful it is. In fact, I usually have a box by me for emergency cases which I find most useful indeed.

Yours faithfully,
(Nurse) C. ——.

INFLUENZA & COLDS GO

15, Cathcart Street,
Rutherglen.

Dear Sirs,

It is with much pleasure I write to tell of the great benefit I derived from your tablets.

I was threatened with a bad influenza cold. After taking four of your tablets I felt great relief and the cold gradually left me, and I am all right again.

'ASPRO' I shall recommend to my friends.

T. S. GLEN.

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetyl Salicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Agents:
Collin & Co. Pty. Ltd.
('Aspro' Dept.)
Slough, BUCKS.

Telephone: Slough 608

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

Made by
ASPRO Ltd.
Slough, England

'ASPRO' IS A SAFE EFFECTIVE GARGLE FOR SORE THROAT & TONSILITIS

Two 'ASPRO' tablets dissolved in four tablespoonfuls of water make a very excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsilitis, and act as a deterrent. The reason why 'ASPRO' has such quick action in banishing influenza and cold attacks is, first, because it is an Antipyretic or Fever Destroyer; secondly, when ingested in the system it is a powerful Internal Antiseptic and Germicide. So 'ASPRO' represents two powerful methods of attack to complaints of this nature.

ABLE TO KEEP AT WORK THANKS TO 'ASPRO'

Oak Tree Cottages,
Pullens Farm,
Horsmonden, Kent.

Sir,

A short while back I developed influenza and was at my wits' end as I could not afford to give up my employment, so I thought I would try 'ASPRO' tablets, and thanks to them I was soon able to throw it off and able to keep to my work. I think 'ASPRO' is wonderful, and shall always recommend it.

Yours respectfully,
(Miss) A. MILHAM.

3D.
6D.
1/3
2/6
PER PACKET

KEEP 'ASPRO' IN THE HOME FOR

INFLUENZA	COLDS	RHEUMATISM
HEADACHES	LUMBAGO	ALCOHOLIC
SLEEPLESSNESS	IRRITABILITY	AFTER-EFFECTS
NEURALGIA	NEURITIS	PAINS PECULIAR
SCIATICA	HAY FEVER	TO WOMEN
GOUT	NERVE SHOCK	MALARIA

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES, INCLUDING BOOTS, TAYLORS, TIMOTHY WHITES, SQUIRES, NEEDHAMS, ETC., STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO.'

ASPRO

Do you always look *your* best?

Every woman dreads the beauty-destroying, nerve shattering exhaustion which accompanies women's particular ailments.

A few short years ago there was no hope for suffering womanhood at these times. But scientists have since discovered that we can preserve our looks and eliminate every symptom of pain and distress simply by keeping our *glands* properly nourished.

Nonn alone utilises this immensely important discovery. Nonn alone contains the unique gland substances which nourish and regulate the entire glandular system, thus bringing relief and ending for ever the depression, exhaustion and nerve strain which previously made life almost unbearable at these times. Therefore, any girl or woman can now be SURE of *always* looking her best, *without drugs*, just by taking a few Nonn tablets occasionally.

There are no drugs in Nonn. Gland rejuvenated by NONN tablets keep the arteries young and supple . . . keep you *young in looks, young in health, young in energy* . . . safe from the bitterest enemy of advancing years—hardening of the arteries.

Better in Every Way.

"I have been taking your Nonn tablets for over a year now and have been better in every way, and have recommended them to my friends."

Mrs. H., Nottingham.

Different Woman.

"Thank you for the benefit I have received from Nonn. I feel a different woman."

Mrs. K. S., Northampton.

Quick and Lasting Effect.

"Nothing else could have such a quick and lasting effect."

Mrs. R. W., Southsea.

Everything claimed for it.

"Nonn is everything you claim for it and more."

Mrs. S. T., Cardiff.

NO CURE, NO PAY! TRY IT!

Nonn is sold under guarantee. If the first small bottle does not bring the bloom back to your cheeks, give you abundant health and energy, and make you "fit as a fiddle," we will refund your money on receipt of the empty carton (with Government stamp attached).

GET THESE FREE BOOKS!

The youth-restoring and curative properties of Nonn are fully explained in two books, "The Problems of Womanhood" and our "Guide to Health." Both are FREE. Post the coupon for your copies to-day—N-O-W!

Get a 1/3 bottle from your Chemist, or we will supply direct on receipt of Postal Order. (Treble size, 2/-.)

NONN for WOMEN in BLUE cartons
NONN for MEN in RED cartons

Nonn

Small size 1/3
Treble size 3/-

Specially prepared in two different formulas.

JB

FILL IN THIS COUPON AND POST IT N-O-W!

To Nonn, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.7) Laboratories, Coldharbour Lane, London, S.E.5.
Please send me FREE:

(a) *Your treatise "The Problems of Womanhood."*
(b) *Your Guide to Health (for men and women).*

Name .....

Address .....

.....

(PLEASE WRITE PLAINLY IN CAPITALS)

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